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A VOID.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Not in my art could I find solace now,
Were I bereft of thee;
For deep love lies within my heart, I trow,
For songs to be
A joy to me.

Not in the tuneful numbers could I slake
My thirst for happiness—
For vast would be the void, too sharp the ache,
I do confess,
For dreams to bless.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG GIRL, the daughter of a proud and noble race, came down the wild old stair of Woodville Honor, the seat of Sir Stuart Woodville, looking like a spirit as she came down the wide old stair. For she was all in white, some thick, soft stuff broidered here and there with threads of silver, which trailed behind her in rich, full folds; and though the rounded arms were covered, the square-cut corsage revealed the fair, satin flesh, which gleamed like pearl against ivory.

And she had a cluster of glossy-leaved, crimson-berried holly (for it was the season that brought "Peace on earth to men of good will") in her hair, and a quaint girdle of beaten silver about her slim waist, and nothing at all in the slender, snowy, ringless hands.

Very good indeed was she to look at, this daughter of Sir Stuart Woodville, with her small, graceful figure, her sweet, regular-featured, demure yet piquant face, with its rose-red lips and dusky, braided hair; as charming a woman as one would wish to see, though to be sure she was hardly a woman at all yet, for she was only nineteen one short month ago.

The lamps in the great hall had just been lighted—a handsome old hall it was, too. Handsome is just the word which describes it, for though it was neither imposing nor magnificent, it boasted a marvelous Mosaic floor, and walls which were famous for the exquisite carving of their dark-oak dados.

To the right, directly opposite the octagon arch, which led into the drawing room, stood a broad, low mantle, beneath which a mass of red sea-coal burned like a bed of rubies. A great tiger skin was stretched before it, and on either side were curious, straight-backed, low-seated, ancient chairs.

"Marguerite!" she called, and paused at the foot of the shallow steps, just where the light from a quaint Moorish lantern fell full upon her little, high-held head and pretty creamy gown. "Marguerite, dear!" she called again.

And still no answer.

Warmth there was in the hall, and the glow of dim, brazen lamps, and silence save for the crackle of the crimson fire.

Lilian Woodville passed lightly over to the octagon arch, from which depended portieres of dull-hued tapestry. She pushed them apart—went in.

The room, delightfully antiquated and furnished in the style of a century before, was well lighted, and here, too, a royal fire leaped under the queer, projecting mantle of yellow marble.

By the hearth, leaning towards the friendly blaze, as though she were cold, a girl sat—crouched rather, for her elbows were on her knees, and her face hidden in her clasped hands.

"Well, I declare!"

She dropped her hands, looking up, with the ejaculation, as her sister approached.

She surveyed her coolly from head to foot.

"You look quite—what shall I say?—quite brilliant, Lily. May I ask if this style is in honor of our noble guest?"

The other flushed hotly at the mocking words.

"You seem to forget it is Christmas Eve, Marguerite; that we have more than one guest coming to-night, and that I always dress for papa."

Marguerite sighed. The scornful look died wearily out of her face. She rose slowly.

"Yes, of course. I didn't mean to be cantankerous," and she laughed.

Lilian stood quite still, and looked at her searchingly. Something in the laugh had jarred on her, so dreary it sounded, so bitter.

They were sisters—twin-sisters—and alike, so wonderfully alike. The same small, graceful figures; the same proud carriage of the head; the same delicately-cut features; the same large gray eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes; the same short, pretty, mutinous mouths.

But Marguerite was fairer than her sister, and her hair was not black, as was Lillian's, but a soft and sombre brown.

Just now, though, the resemblance was not so remarkable as usual, for the girl in the soft, white gown, with the medallioned girdle around her waist and the holly in her hair, and the full throat and bosom showing bare and white, looked younger and prettier than she who stood by the mantle, in her much-splashed riding-habit, her hair dishevelled by the wind, her face dropping on her hand.

Suddenly Lilian went up to her, caught her by the shoulders, turned her round, forced her to face her.

"Marguerite, what is it? What has come over you? What has changed you? The summer before last, when we came home from school, you were gay as a lark. You danced over the house from morning till night; you sang till you deafened me. And now——"

"Now I am older; now I have sense. I no longer deafen any one, nor do I require new slippers as frequently as used the old Marguerite."

"But I loved the old Maggie best?" her sister cried. "You have not been like her since that time you went up to London to visit Aunt Eliza."

"Do you think Aunt Eliza had a depressing effect?" Marguerite asked, twinkling her pretty nose.

"Don't joke about it!" hotly. "Then in April—last April—you went away again, and you came back gloomier than ever. And now—now you sit over the fire, moping and brooding—yes, you do!—without stirring, by the hour. And then you have Starlight saddled, and you rush off for a crazy ride across the country, and come home exhausted, and throw yourself down in your room and sleep—or pretend to—till dawns another day of frowning reveries and frantic rides. And you have grown so hard and—and cold, and—Oh, Maggie darling——"

The sweet, quick young voice—the protesting, impetuous speech—broke down completely.

Marguerite's lips quivered. Something like a flash—tender, gentle, loving—swept over her face; then it was gone.

Her eyes were very clear and bright, her lips smiling a trifle contemptuously, when she met her sister's tearful gaze.

"If You must be dreaming, Lillian. Your nerves are out of order. What thrilling romance have you been reading? You must make Mrs. Allan give you some sherry and quinine. There is papa! I must run and dress for our high and mighty visitor. You dear—silly—little goose!"

And with a light kiss for each word, Marguerite gathered her long skirts in her gauntleted hand, flung it over her arm, and ran out of the room and up the stairs.

"Lilian!"

"Yes, papa."

She swallowed a big lump in her throat and turned as he came in—a silver-haired, kindly-faced old gentleman, clad in irreproachable evening costume.

He was erect and supple for his years, and his bristling brows and moustache were not as white as his hair. He had dim, blue eyes, and old fashioned stateliness of manner, and hands which were patrician to the finger-tips.

"Where is Marguerite?"

"Gone to dress for dinner."

He drew out his watch.

"It is an hour since the carriage went to the station; he should soon be here."

Lilian leaned over him caressingly as he sat in a big damask-covered chair.

"He is an old friend of yours, papa?"

"The earl? Dear me, no, child! His father was an old friend of mine. Why, I am sixty-five, and he—well he can't be much more than a boy."

"But he is a widower, papa."

"Yes, yes; but that doesn't make him old. He was only twenty-one when he married, and his wife died within a year. He—— Ah, there he is!"

Without was the sound of wheels—of a carriage stopping.

They heard the front door flung open. Sir Stuart started forward with hand cordially outstretched, for the portieres had been pushed back, and a man clad in travelling attire, fur-capped and snow-flaked, stood between—a tall, bronzed, handsome giant of a fellow.

"Sir Stuart, of course!" he remarked, as he stepped in.

"My dear boy, yes! A thousand welcomes. Harold, this is one of my little girls. Lily, dear, the Earl of Silverdale."

She gave him her hand with frank grace.

"You are very welcome," she said.

He looked down on her from his great height, his Saxon face full of warm approval.

What a very, very pretty little thing she was! so shy and yet so self-possessed. And what a beautiful, true look the luminous gray eyes held!

"Thank you!" responded the Earl. "You are more than kind to let me come to you. This is my first Christmas in England for ten years."

And just then, looking like another Lillian—fair, fresh, smiling, dressed in soft, dull-blue silk, with some exquisite point de Alencon at the breast and a silver arrow in her hair—came Marguerite Woodville.

The Earl started, looked from her to Lillian and back again.

Sir Stuart laughed.

"You think the resemblance marvellous—most people do at first. Marguerite, my dear, the Earl of Silverdale. But Lilian's hair is black—Marguerite's brown."

He bowed low before her. Then their eyes met. What was there in that careless, courteous glance of his to send the quick carnation to her cheek? What was there in her swift, dark, sad look to chill him so subtly but unmistakably?

"By Jupiter!" he said to himself, "if I believed in presentiments—but I don't!"

An hour later a gay party gathered around the glittering board. The gleam of the silver, the glow of the scarlet holly, the sparkle of the wines, were not bright as the murmurous compliments, the languid, brilliant wit. And their laughter floated merrily and mellowly out into the frosty night. And blithest of all were the beautiful daughters of the host.

And little they dreamed that night was the beginning of it all—of the hope and the doubt, of the gladness and the sorrow, of the desperation which begot deceit. The beginning of a noble love, of a sin as black as night, of a torture more bitter than death—the beginning of a mystery impossible to comprehend—of a tragedy terrible to contemplate.

CHAPTER II.

"A happy New Year! the Earl said."

"A happy New Year!" she laughed back at him.

The morning sun was streaming into the breakfast-room of the Castle. Everywhere the bright rays darted; over the quaint-carved chairs, the black-polished floor, the dull red walls, the daintily appointed table, the sideboard heavy with massive crested silver, the branches of holly above the mantle, the bowl of hothouse roses on the table—touched, too, the sweet face of Lilian Woodville as she dropped the damask curtain and turned from the window.

How pretty she was! He had told himself so dozens of times, to be sure, in the week, but that did not alter the fact at all. So was Marguerite pretty; they were feature for feature exactly alike. In the dusk, or even were the room not very bright, a mistake as to identity was more than probable; indeed, it had often occurred.

He was very handsome, as has been said—the Earl of Silverdale—tall, large-limbed, square-shouldered; a great traveller, a splendid sportsman, an accomplished linguist. Add to all this the fact that he was fabulously, absurdly wealthy, and you will understand how he became the shining mark at which ambitious mammas directed their social and toward which blushing *debutantes* spend their finest arrows.

And now, after many a year of freedom, of serene immunity from lovers' sighs and lovers' longings—after days of adventure and nights of peril, after lingering under the shadow of the Sphinx, and hunting elephants in Africa, and buying curios in Damascus, and revelling in the brilliancy of Paris—after meeting many noble women and fair women, and just as lightly parting from them, he had come down to this old castle in Warwickshire and fallen head over ears in love with a little, dark-haired maiden, whose big, gray, tender eye had taken his heart by storm.

"A happy New Year to me?" he repeated, coming up to her where she stood on the hearth-rug, and looking down on the little figure in the crimson cashmere aflutter with satiny bows. "I think you will have to decide that, Lilian."

"I!"

She looked up at him suddenly—startled. Then a quick, hot wave of rose swept from under the linen collar to the clustering little rings upon her forehead.

He was nearer forty than thirty, this brown-eyed, brown-bearded nobleman, and if he wasn't quite as florid of speech as a younger man might be, he was still very sincere and very fervent.

And though Lilian saw all this, so intense was her surprise she was silent.

"Perhaps you think because I have a daughter nearly as old as yourself, I have no right to ask you to marry me. But there is one thing as true as Heaven—I have never loved till now. It seems incredible that after all those years of indifference I should grow hot and cold at the sound of a young girl's voice—the touch of her gown as she passed me. But it is true."

"Yet," she began, "you——"

Her heart was beating tumultuously.

What could she say? This was her first

proposal. She was very glad, that she knew, and—yes, a little frightened.

"I married—yes. I was a boy—just twenty one. The marriage had been arranged by our parents when we were children. I liked her in a brotherly sort of way. I went to her—I had made up my mind to tell her the compact must be broken. Her mother said she was very delicate—the shock might kill her. I saw her, however, and she—oh, I hate to say it!" turning impatiently away to the window, and stalking back again, "It sounds so like a cad; but—well, I saw she cared for me, and I could say nothing. We were married. She died within a year."

Silence, save for the crackling gossip of the fire in the grate.

The girl glanced up. He was regarding her gravely.

She moved forward a step; she laid her clasped hands against his breast.

"I believe you," she whispered, "and—I love you!"

"My darling!" he murmured.

"Hark! there was a rap at the door."

"Come!" Lilian called.

She walked forward.

"I was told to give you this, miss," one of the maids said, holding out a grayish, greasy-looking envelope.

And then she disappeared.

Lilian looked doubtfully at the missive. It bore no address. The odor it diffused was unpleasantly suggestive of the stables.

She opened it, took out the half sheet of paper it contained, and read the following, scrawled in pencil:—

"Marguerite: Meet me at the vacant lodge to-night. Bring me what I want or I will strike the Earl for a hundred. 'Twould be worth that to him."

What did it mean? what in the name of Heaven was it about? Who had dared write to her sister in this fashion? And Marguerite, who had always been so proud! Lilian could not understand it at all.

The blood had gone back to her heart with a rush. She stood there in the golden morning sunshine, quite still and rigid.

The Earl's voice roused her.

"Have you had bad news? You are white as a ghost, dear. Can I help you?"

"No, no!" crushing the letter into her pocket, and forcing her pale lips to smile. "Nothing of importance. Ah, here is Bessie!"

How glad she was to see Miss Tennyson's saucy blonde face! It was Marguerite's secret, she told herself feverishly. Not hers—not the earl's—only Lorraine's.

"Down before me, Lilian—happy New Year! Good morning, Sir Stuart. I'm hungry as a hunter; and where is Marguerite?"

A quick step came along the hall.

"Talk of angels! I've been for a walk, while all you lazy folks are dozing. How do you feel, papa? A happy New Year, Aunt Clara."

She was looking very brilliant and pretty, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling from her brisk walk in the frosty air.

She took off her bird-breasted hat and kid gloves, and sat down to breakfast in her trim walking costume of golden-brown cloth and fur.

There was quite a gay party gathered at the Castle. An Indian officer home on furlough; an Australian heiress, visiting for the first time the country of her parents; the major of a crack London regiment; a wealthy Irish widow and her bewitching little daughter. The merriest of them all this bright New Year's morning was Marguerite Woodville. Lilian watched her furtively, half-fearfully.

She was so full of moods of late; now silent, sullen, full of bitterness; again—and this certainly seemed like acting, it was so extreme, capricious, excitable—jesting, laughing, answering every sally of wit with a flash of humor or of satire, "sharp and keen as steel."

"I want to speak to you, Marguerite," said Lilian.

It was an hour later, and the sister stood alone in the upper hall.

"Come into my room. Well?"

Lilian put her hand in her pocket, drew out the note.

"Another blunder because of our likeness, dear. The servant who gave me this evidently thought she was giving it to you. I did not know—I read it."

Marguerite crimsoned. She snatched the paper—glanced over it.

"What are you going to wear to the Hazeltines' ball?"

Lilian was thunderstruck.

"Marguerite!"

"I asked you what you were going to wear to the Hazeltines' ball?"

"But that note!" Lilian protested, feeling cold and choked. "Who wrote it—who dared write so to you?"

Marguerite laughed, the low, bitter laugh her sister had come to dread.

"Don't you think that is my affair? I do. I would advise you to wear pink. I'm going to try and get a sleep now. I was up before six. So—hoping you will pardon the abrupt termination of this audience——"

She pushed her gently into the hall, and locked the door.

Lilian stood aghast. Marguerite had never acted so—never! Was she crazy?

Her eyes filled with tears of fright, mortification, dismay. She ran down stairs, caught up a shawl, flung it over her head, hurried through the library, opened a side door leading into the garden, sped down the steps and across the snow to a little Chinese pagoda which had been her favorite retreat since she was a child.

She wanted a place, time, chance, to think it out. No one would disturb her here. It was a lovely day for the first of January, blue-skied, sunshiny, almost warm.

She sat down at the round table, laid her arms upon it. Her head, shrouded in the scarlet shawl, dropped low.

Who could have written that note? Did it explain all that was mysterious about Loraine of late? She was too young to have had any lovers, admirers even—wait!

Vividly—a very glare of light—a recollection flashed upon her.

On their return from school, their father had given each a fine saddle-horse. And the liveried groom who had ridden at a respectable distance behind them, he had seemed to adore Marguerite. But, pshaw! he would not presume. He was very handsome though, tall, slender, brigandish-looking with a black moustache. And once she had seen him pick up a flower Marguerite dropped, and once she saw him kiss the glove caught upon the pommel—while Marguerite pretended not to see. Oh, a stream of horrible doubts, memories rushed in upon her.

"Did you get my note? I'm stone broke. I'd a deuced sight rather have you than the cash, but ——"

Lilian started violently. In her absorption she had not heard the step, till a hand closed fiercely on her shoulder, an insolent voice spoke in her ear.

She sprang up, while with anger, quivering in every nerve.

Before her stood a man attired in the livery of a groom, corduroy knee-breeches, light coat with crested buttons, and jockey-cap; a diabolically good-looking chap, brown-skinned and flashing-eyed.

"What do you want?" she panted.

She was not conscious she spoke at all.

"You!"

Just one word, but brutally said.

As she flung back her head, the lightning of her indignant eyes glittering over him, the shawl she wore slipped to the floor.

"The deuce!" he cried.

He fairly jumped backward. The next instant he was bowing before her, abashed, humble, full of penitence.

"You must forgive me—I did not know it was you, Miss Lilian!" he stammered, apologetically.

She bowed coldly.

"Go!"

He sulked away.

She hurried home, her cheeks on fire, her brain in a whirl.

The fellow had not said for whom he had mistaken her. There could be only one, for had he not persisted in his error even when he had seen her face? And had he any right to speak so to Marguerite, her proud, lovely sister? Oh, the thought was terrible!

But she must meet and mingle with her guests, and tell the nervous incapable aunt who lived with them absolutely nothing, and look forward to the evening with a consuming dread.

She could hardly think of her own sweet love dream—her gallant betrothed.

Poor Marguerite! how had she put herself in this man's power? Once she went to her sister's door and knocked.

"Let me in. It is only I—Lilian."

And back came the sweet, mocking drowsy voice:

"I am asleep. Please don't wake me. Go away!"

The Earl of Silverdale, meeting his affianced in the corridor, remarked her pallor, her suppressed excitement.

"Come for a drive, darling. I haven't had a chance to say a word to you yet."

She gave him a look full of love, but drew away her hands.

"No, no—not now! My head aches."

And she hurried away. He did not see her again for some hours.

He rode into the village to post some letters and visit a friend.

When he returned the yellowish winter dusk was lying dim and cold over the abbey park, and above the stars were glimmering out, frosty and golden.

He went up the shallow, dragon-guarded stone steps to the great doors. He turned a handle. It yielded. He was in the vestibule.

"I don't hear the clink of china," he considered. "Kettledrum must be over."

And sure enough when he opened the other door and passed into the hall, he saw that it was deserted.

Those who gathered there every evening to sip their fragrant souchong tea had vanished to dress.

The lamps were not yet lighted. The fire had burned down and glowed dull and ruddy.

He went on down the hall, his riding boots making a tremendous clatter, when he noticed a figure sitting in a queer, three-cornered chair near the hearth and just out of the reddish disk of light.

He stopped short. His heart gave a great, glad leap.

He knew her now. There was no mistaking the slender little figure in the trailing white gown, the dainty, stag-like head.

She had missed him. She was waiting to have a word alone with him—his dear little love.

She glanced up as he strode towards her, looking gigantic in the dim light.

Bareheaded, fur-coated he stooped, caught her hand in his.

"I wonder if you know how I love you?" he whispered, passionately. "Can it be only one week ago I saw you first? It seems as though I had always known you—always loved you. Why, here I've been haunting the light in your window, and losing my head when you sang, and touching a book because you laid it down—in short," with a low, happy laugh, "making a most thundering idiot of myself. And you—I wonder if you care for me at all, you little white witch?"

She rose. What was he saying? The firelight and the shadows danced fantastically before her. Life, reason, seemed slipping from her.

Overwhelmingly clear, dazzlingly clear, one fact alone stood forth—he loved her.

"How much?" he entreated, quizzically.

The words which Shakespeare has put in Mark Antony's mouth came to her.

"'There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned!'" she quoted, hoarsely.

She remembered nothing except his presence.

"And," lower still, "you love me like that?"

Was she going mad?

"With all my heart and soul!"

He caught her in his arms.

"My love, my own, my little Lilian!"

"Lilian!"

With a stifled shriek she tore herself free, rushed along the hall, flashed lightning-like up the stairway—vanished.

Blankly the Earl of Silverdale looked after her.

Then, thunderstruck with comprehension, consternation, he ground an oath between his teeth.

"Marguerite!"

CHAPTER III.

TINK-A-LING-LING-LING!

"There's dinner!" cried Bessie Tennyson, gaily. "Oh, blessed sound!"

"'We may live without love. What is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?'"

quoted Sir Stuart, solemnly.

"Very true indeed!" nodded Aunt Clara, gravely. "And I do wish the children would be more prompt. Yesterday the fish was just a shade overdone."

Sir Stuart laughed. His sister's pet weakness was a good dinner, and he knew it.

They were all gathered in the long, low, firelit, waxlight drawing-room, old-fashioned as to furniture, as has been said, but given an air at once homelike and attractive by its rich curtains and portieres, its wide cushioned window seats, its brass-tiled hearth—more than all by the cheery fire which galloped gloriously up the chimney.

"Here is one of 'the children!'" laughed Major Murray.

Lilian—yes. But Harold, Earl of Silverdale, took a second look to make sure, and then drew a long breath.

"By Jupiter!" he said to himself, recalling his enormous blunder of an hour ago, "a man had better use his eyes in this house, or he'd find himself marrying his sister-in-law instead of his sweetheart, thereby becoming his own brother-in-law instead of—bless it I can say what!"

His eyes, amused, perplexed, adoring, met those of his betrothed.

She flashed him a glance and a smile.

How well he looked in the evening dress! Its inky blackness brought out more boldly the golden lights in his beard and hair.

On the breastplate of snowy linen which fashion demands blazed a bit of blue flame, a sapphire of purest lustre.

"Where is Marguerite?" Sir Stuart asked.

"Oh, she asked me to make her excuses!" Aunt Clara said. "She is suffering from neuralgia, and unable to leave her room. It is too bad, too," she added, plaintively, "as I know we are to have *vol-au-vent* for dinner, and that is one of her favorites."

Harold felt immensely relieved. He had been dreading the meeting—actually dreading it.

Dinner passed off successfully.

Thrilled by the strange happenings of the day, by the presence of her lover—excited by strange, vague fears for Marguerite, remembering the contents of the note—Lilian talked and laughed, and parried skilfully, and with spirit the conversational lances levelled at her.

Her father looked at her in amusement. Usually Lilian was rather quiet. He did not know that she was endeavoring to keep in check her irritating uneasiness concerning Marguerite.

Major Murray quite lost his heart to her that night. And she was a picture, to be sure, with her round, white throat and sweet flushed young face, blossoming up from the rich velvet dinner dress, which was just the color of a Jacqueminot rose.

Once more in the drawing room, she went directly to the window, and pressed her face to the pane.

The stars had clouded over. It was beginning to rain—a slow, cold, rain, which fell like sleet.

She turned away, went out into the hall, up the stairs.

The smell of cigar smoke reached her from the distant dining room, and she could hear the clink of glasses.

At Marguerite's door she paused, knocked. No answer.

She pushed it open—passed in. It was deserted.

The waxlights burned brightly on the dressing-table, though the fire on the blue-and-white hearth had died down. A silken scarf lay where Marguerite had thrown it; a book on the floor; a tiny malachite clock ticked on the mantel. The air of desolation, though, was terrifying to Lilian in her intense nervousness.

Marguerite had gone to that rendezvous, then. She had responded in person to that impertinent note; in the cold, in the rain—Lilian could hear it beating against the windows now. And she—the sister who loved her—she must not follow her. Marguerite would think she was spying. Oh, the inaction was maddening!

She twisted her hands cruelly together as she paced the cozy nest of a room up and down.

What was that? A step running lightly up the back stairs, along the corridor—the swish of wet garments.

The door was flung wide open. Marguerite appeared, recoiled at the sight of her sister, then shut the door and came boldly forward.

"Don't devour me, dear," she said, laughingly. "I'm not good to eat."

For Lilian was staring at her, dismay and doubt dimming her eyes.

And no wonder. Her clothes were drenched; her hair had fallen over her shoulders—heavy with rain, it glistened in the waxlight; her cheeks were crimson, her breath coming pantingly, as if from fast running.

"Marguerite!" She came up and clasped her arms about her sister's neck. "Where were you? with whom? Oh, darling, what is wrong with you?"

"Take care—I'm wet—you will spoil your dress!"

But Lilian only held her tighter.

"Marguerite, for our mother's sake!" she pleaded.

With gentle decisiveness the other pushed her away.

"My dear child, I shall never get dressed at this rate," hurrying off her wet attire as she spoke, "and I must go downstairs. It is New Year's night, you know, and we always have a dance on New Year's night. Here, help me on with this. My neuralgia has disappeared, thanks to my walk! There! now hand me my bronze slippers. Just wait till I twist up my hair. Now my dress; no jewelry. Come!"

Lilian looked at her, breathless.

What manner of woman was she? Had she never known her at all till now?

For, except that her cheeks were more glowing, her eyes more dark and brilliant

than usual, she looked as she did every evening—fair, serene, artistically clad.

Her gown was of lace, black and clinging, with just a glint of crimson showing here and there as she walked.

Feeling dumb and dazed, Lilian followed her.

At the head of the stairs Marguerite turned, put up both her hands, took her sister's face within them, kissed it once, twice.

"There is one kiss for you, and one—for the future Countess of Silverdale!"

And then while Lilian stood still as stone, incapable of movement, more bewildered than ever, Marguerite ran lightly down the broad steps into the brilliant drawing-room and her laughter came sounding up the stairway, ringing and sweet.

CHAPTER IV.

IS THE bride ready?

Almost.

Did any one see my fan?

"With Lady Patmore's compliments."

"Just the day for a wedding."

"Perfect—yes."

Hither and thither they flew like butterflies—the merry comments, questions, suggestions.

And it was just the day for a wedding, this beautiful morning in June; for everywhere was sunshine, warm, glowing and golden, over the rambling, ivy-covered old abbey, the smooth, green lawn, the low hedges, white with hawthorn—everywhere sunshine and roses and the delicious freshness and fragrance of early summer.

Every door about the Honor stood ajar. Within all was commotion, excitement, for the house was packed with guests wherever one could be disposed of, and

"The lovely London ladies trod
The floors with glittering feet."

An event of no trivial interest was the wedding of to day. Not only was its importance acknowledged in the great world of fashion. The political position of the groom, his wealth and social standing, gave it peculiar and widespread significance.

The merry bustle grew louder; carriages rolled up the avenue. The coachmen had received their favors. The party was assembling in the hall.

Sir Stuart, calm and high-bred as usual, had come out of the library. And now the six bridesmaids—among them Marguerite, all in pink silk and pearls—came trooping down.

And now the bride! in snowy, glistening trailing satin, simple to severity despite its richness; orange-blossoms in the dark hair, white roses in the little, kidded hands, a veil of fragile and priceless honiton lace over all. Not a speck of color about her save the wild-rose tint in her cheeks, the crimson in her lips.

She made as lovely a bride and as sweet as a poet could dream of or a king desire.

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on!" laughed Bessie Tennyson.

"My little Lilian, all joy go with you!" her father said, as he kissed her.

And then they were crowding out on the broad steps—gentlemen in the gravity of broadcloth, in the military splendor of scarlet, gold-laced uniform; ladies clad in all the dainty, brilliant hues, the rare laces, the gleaming jewels of which a marriage of such celebrity authorized the display.

The carriages were filled; sped on. At the little village church, gay with flags and banners and greenery without, banked and carpeted with roses within, Lord Silverdale awaited his bride.

A flutter, a silence, a simple, solemn ceremony. Then, with burst of music and mad ringing of bells, the Earl and Countess of Silverdale passed out into the flooding sunshine, the cheering multitude, and were driven back to the Abbey.

"I have only one regret to day, Lilian," said her husband, as they turned in under the arch of roses which spanned the gateway—"the absence of my step-daughter."

How odd it sounded!

"I did not urge her. She has the eccentric, perhaps natural, prejudice girls feel on such a subject, and I am ashamed to say I am almost as great a stranger to her as are you. She is devoted to the sisters with whom she has passed her life, but when she comes home for good next year, she will learn to love you. She cannot help it, sweetheart."

A very brilliant wedding breakfast! Never before had the old dining room echoed to such musical laughter, such sparkling wit. Toasts were proposed, champagne corks popped; merrily gurgled the golden wine into the shallow glass.

And then the carriage came round. The bride went to change her dress, and came down habited in soft dove grey, from the plumed hat to the trim, kid boots.

Good-byes were said, a hundred last words spoken, the carriage was entered through a storm of rice.

Bessie Tennyson's pink satin slipper just missed the bridegroom's head, and they were whirled away down the avenue Lilian looking back with a face sweeter than ever, because just a little tearful.

* * * * * *

"Letters—for me?"

The beautiful daughter of the Earl of Silverdale turned from the window of the Belgian convent school at sound of the nun's light step—a tall, slender girl, with the air of a princess.

"Yes, dear; two—four. They came while you were away at Lucerne."

"Ah, yes. I wrote papa I was going there with the family of a school friend, but told him to write here as usual. I did not think we would be gone so long."

"Long!" The little, black-robed, white-coifed sister stood on tip-toe to pat affectionately the girl's fresh cheek. "Indeed, it seemed years without you. The convent always is lonely in vacation, but it seems doubly so when you are not here."

"Thank you, Sister Therese!" she said, smiling.

"And now I must go away and let you read your letters in peace."

And she bustled off.

School had just reopened. This was the recreation hour. From the playground below came the boisterous clamor of young voices, the silvery ring of young laughter.

The sunset light was streaming into the deserted study hall as Lady Iva Romaine leaned by an open casement and read her letters.

From whom was this, addressed in a pretty foreign hand? Ah! the proud lips were compressed for a moment.

"From my stepmother!" she said, with bitterness.

But as she read it, all the dislike, the resentment, died out of her face.

"I am young—not much older than yourself, dear," the letter ran, "and very ignorant. But I hope, I know, we shall be happy together. I would have gone to see you before this, but knew you were traveling with friends. I love you already for your father's sake. Won't you come home soon and give me an opportunity to love you for your own?"

Below, the noisy merriment grew still louder. But the girl in the schoolroom heard it not at all, as she stood lost in thought.

She had dreaded the thought of a stepmother. But perhaps she would cling to her after all. The letter was everthing that was kind, simple and sincere.

Look at Iva as she stands there—a good long look.

A marvellously lovely face that, clear cut as cameo against the rosy sunset light; a very proud face, too. The pearl-fair forehead clustered over with soft, golden rings; the straight, pretty nose, and round, dimpled chin; the wonderful, luminous eyes, so dark as to be almost black; the geranium red mouth, with the short upper lip and gleaming teeth; the satiny cheek, with its pink, flickering bloom; the swift, radiant smile—ah, no wonder the convent seemed dull and sad when she was away!

Night fell. The lamps were lighted. Study hour passed. It was time for prayers, then bed.

Two hours later. The great building was dark as the grave—just as silent. See! a reddish glow on the lowest floor. Bright—still brighter! It crept inward, upward. It coiled around the pillars; it writhed along the floor like a snake; it crept up the stairs stealthily, hungrily; it licked the balustrades; it began to belch thick, black vapors.

Hark! with what a queer, crackling sound it stole on. And now it had reached the second landing.

The breath from an open window fanned it It sprang to the doors, it rushed forward with a sudden roar, fiercely, furiously, luridly it leaped upward.

"Fire!"

Some one in the streets sent the frantic cry outshrilling.

Bells outpealed; men came hurrying to the spot; ladders, water—all necessary aids were at hand in a twinkling.

Aroused so suddenly, terribly, still half dazed with sleep, within all was confusion. But out of the disorder grew system—out of the panic a certain desperate quietude.

The nuns formed their pupils in the regular file, and calmly gave the necessary orders.

Out on a back porch, down an exposed stairway, two and two they went. Once in the great square below, the superioress began to count her flock.

"Sister Augustine," she cried—"she is not here. Nor Iva—Lady Iva Romaine!"

And just then a wild cry went up from the excited crowd.

For high above them, at an arched window of the old gray building, now hidden by smoke, now clearly revealed by flame, looked a girl's white face.

"Iva—It is Iva!" cried the Mother Superior, in terror. "Save her—quick, the stairway!"

But even as she spoke, with a roar, a crash, a dense black crowd of smoke, the stairway fell.

Then uprose one cry.

"Ladders!"

With magical quickness they were brought and placed against the building. A man ascended—retreated. Another succeeded him—fell back.

"It is no use!" he shouted. "No living thing can pass through the fire!"

It did look terrible, flinging from every window its ragged, crimson banners.

"Stand back, you cowards!" The words rang through the surging masses, over them, clear and commanding as a bugle blast heralding war. "While you chatter your cowardice, a life is in peril!"

There was a tumult in the crowd. It parted to let a man through—a strange figure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MEANS OF BEING HAPPY.—How many different ideas does the word happiness raise in the mind; though it ought to be simple, and present but one and the same object to all, it multiplies itself like a prismatic glass, with as many sorts of happiness as there are different tastes. The miser conceives no one happy but the man who is continually hoarding up; the spendthrift places happiness in extravagance and dissipation, the ambitious man in aspiring and attaining to honors. It would seem as if happiness were a thing purely arbitrary, and that existed only in imagination. In order to be content with our situation in life, we ought to compare our condition with that of the poor, who, pore in misery and want, who suffer every hardship and distress, who eat their bread with the sweat of their brow, and who have not whereon to repose their head; but we only look to the rich, to their pleasures and amusements, their splendid retinue, their superb and magnificent buildings. We should be patient, and arm ourselves with courage against disasters, yet by our pusillanimity and weakness, we sink under the least affliction. Patience is a gift of Heaven, more precious than any treasure, and without it no one can be happy or contented. It is not in gold, rank, fortune, or favor that happiness consists; nay they are rather obstacles to it. The philosopher Bias expressed his felicity, by glorying that he carried his all along with him; for our manner of perceiving and thinking, cannot be taken from us; all then that is necessary to make us happy, is to perceive, think and act well for our own benefit and the benefit of humanity. A Spaniard, who had made the tour of the world was asked which of all the sovereigns, or the different persons he had seen, in the course of his travels, he would rather be, in order to enjoy happiness: "A good Christian," replied he.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.

L. G. W.

A CHILD'S IMAGINATION.—It is not difficult to turn a child's attention in any direction, and he quickly catches the spirit of those around him. If his imagination is quickened and strengthened by frequent representations of the feelings, thoughts, and conditions of others, his sympathies will be constantly aroused and his impulses will become kind and generous. If however he is suffered to grow up without these delicate perceptions, who can wonder that his sympathies are dull, his benevolent impulses weak, and that, instead of developing into a noble and generous manhood, he sinks in a stolid and unimaginative self-absorption?

IMAGINATION AND SYMPATHY.—It takes imagination to realize vividly anything outside of our own consciousness, but, directly we have this keen realization of another's condition, we are in some sort of sympathy with him. Who would tread upon a worm or wantonly crush a butterfly or kick a dog if he were vividly realizing the pain he was inflicting? And, still more, who would wound a fellow-being by word or deed or look, who would oppress the poor, cheat the ignorant, or despise the feeble, if the distress they created was ever present before them? So true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as want of heart."

Bric-a-Brac.

POLITICAL CANVASSING.—A candidate for postmaster in Belleville, N. J., originated a novel method in canvassing for a political appointment. He at first started out to make a house-to-house canvass, but, finding that his two opponents were liable to beat him, he hired an organ grinder and his monkey. The wandering musician passed from house to house and at each the monkey was handed an envelope with one of the candidate's circulars in it, which he carried to the window of the house, and if the window was not open he left it on the sill. In this way the candidate placed his claims before the people.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—No two men probably ever "pop the question" in the same way, and no girl, probably, receives it in the form which she had pictured to herself. A group of benedicts in Chicago the other day amused themselves by telling how they "crossed the Rubicon" of courtship. One confessed to successfully putting the momentous question while leading his horse over a stretch of ground encountered while sleighriding, another was accepted while sitting in a snowdrift after being tipped from the rear of a four-seated sleigh, a third proposed while without coat and waistcoat and while perspiring freely from a two-mile row under a burning sun, and still another was refused in a romantic nook only to be accepted a little later by the same girl under the most commonplace conditions.

A LIGHT DRESS.—A dress that weighs but three ounces is owned in Connecticut. The following facts about it are from a Danbury paper: "About the year 1700 a fair young bride in the village now known as New Haven wore a dainty costume of white. The gown was cut low in the neck and was sleeveless. The dress was of light and filmy texture, and weighed but about three ounces. It has been handed down from generation to generation until it has at last come into the possession of a Danbury lady, who will wear it at the Red Men's masquerade. The dress is remarkably well preserved, and is extremely valuable, both from its age and the beauty of the embroideries with which it is covered. The design of the trimming is prettily worked in the coarse linen thread so common in those days."

ABOUT RINGS.—Among the earliest superstitions about rings is that connected with Aaron's. It is said that when the Israelites were to be punished with death for their sins, the stone changed to a dark hue; when they were to fall in battle, it assumed the color of blood; but whenever they were virtuous and innocent, it sparkled with its ordinary lustre. A ring credited with wonderful powers was that belonging to Gyges, originally a shepherd, but who, by virtue of his ring, became King of Lydia. It is said that after a great flood, Gyges found in a deep cavity in the earth a brazen horse, inside which was a gigantic human body, having on one finger a ring, which was capable of rendering its wearer invisible when the stone was turned towards the palm of the hand. Gyges went to the royal Court to make a trial of his ring's efficacy, and by its aid he entered into an intrigue with the queen, murdered his master, and became king in his stead.

A QUEER BATTLE.—A fierce encounter between a sheep and a bear took place in the pasture of Farmer Porter, near Lewistown, this State. Porter, who has had numerous sheep carried off this winter by bears, knew nothing of the struggle until, on going to the pasture, he found the sheep huddled together in a corner and one of their number lying on the ground near by, close to a large bear. Both the sheep and the bear were dead. A special to a Pittsburg paper says that "the head of the sheep, which was a Cotswold ram, was thrust clear to the base of the horns in the bear's mouth, which was forced so wide open that it was split back more than an inch. Further investigation showed Porter that the ram's heavy horns were firmly locked on the bear's head behind the ears. There were numerous other signs of a struggle, and it was evident that it had terminated by a charge of the ram. The impetus of the charge was only checked by the interference of the ram's horns, but for which, Farmer Porter believes, the ram would have spilt its antagonist clear to the shoulder and come out alive as well."

HOWEVER good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful but patient efforts to get rid of them.

LOVE.

BY J. C. M'C.

Oh bid me not from thee depart!
I will not—cannot leave thee now;
Did thy sweet smile not warm my heart,
The stream of life would cease to flow.

When danger circles thy dear form,
Think'st thou that I could turn and flee?
No, no! with thee I'll brave the storm,
And share its wildest rage with thee.

And e'en if death thy fate should be,
Then let me perish by thy side!
Far sweeter thus to die with thee,
Than live with all the world beside.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

CYRIL DID NOT SPEAK again for some minutes, but painted rapidly; then he looked up.

There was a faint flush on his tanned face, and a light, half triumphant, half apprehensive in his eyes.

"I've got him!" he said.

Norah sprang to her feet, and came behind him, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

He had painted herself as well as Casper.

He looked up at her face, that now had more roses than milk in it, and in a low, almost pleading voice, said:

"Are you offended? Pray, pray, forgive me. It was such a temptation! If you are angry——"

And he held the wet brush over the figure in the picture as if he were going to daub it out.

Norah, almost unconsciously, let her hand fall on his arm.

"No, do not paint it out," she said innocently, and without a trace of vanity. "I think the picture looks better with a figure in it; and"—she smiled—"no one could tell that it was me."

"No," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone, though her touch had thrilled through him and made his voice very low and tremulous; but as he spoke the thought flashed through him how, when he got home, he would strive with all his might and main to give the portrait some hint of the beautiful face he had just sketched in. "No; it is very gracious of you not to be angry, for it was exceedingly presumptuous of me."

She smiled.

"Perhaps if Casper and I had known we were being painted, we should have put ourselves into a more graceful pose."

He looked at the sketch, and thought that so far as she was concerned that would have been impossible; but instead of expressing the thought he said:

"He is wonderfully quiet for so savage a dog."

"But he is not savage," she retorted almost indignantly; "at least, I am sure he is not. It is only with persons he does not like."

"Then he does not like the gentleman who left us a little while ago?" he said interrogatively.

"N-o, I suppose not," assented Norah hesitatingly.

"Would you think me very inquisitive if I asked you who he is?" he said gently and respectfully.

"His name is Guildford Berton," replied Norah at once, "and he is a great friend of my father's."

"And of yours?" he said in a low voice. "I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I should have—well, yes, quarrelled with a friend of yours."

Norah's lovely eyes looked on his face pensively.

"He is not a friend of mine; I mean that I scarcely know him. I saw him for the first time last night."

Her reply seemed to afford him some satisfaction.

"Last night," he said dreamily.

Norah started slightly, and the color rose to her face.

His words had recalled that which, strangely enough, his presence had caused her almost to forget; the voice on the terrace.

"Yes," she said, "last night."

She looked away from him, then towards him again.

"Have you been staying long at Santleigh?"

"No," he said, gently, "only a very short time."

He took off his soft felt hat and pushed the luxurious hair from his brow, and turned his handsome face towards her with a smile.

"I ought to give an account of myself I suppose."

Norah blushed.

"Oh, it is not at all necessary," she murmured.

"But it is quite right that you should know who it is——"

He stopped abruptly, with a strange look on his face, as if it had been called up by a sudden thought.

Norah, listening with downcast eyes, noticed the sharp pause.

"I haven't a card," he went on; "a poor travelling artist has very little use for such a social luxury; but my name is Cyril Burne. I get my living, such as it is, by painting, such as you see," and he nodded at the sketch deprecatingly; "and I am staying at the quaint little inn they call the Chequers. I think that's all," he laughed quietly, "excepting," and his voice grew grave and earnest, "that I am very, very grateful to you for your kind permission to finish my sketch," and he inclined his head with a simple, but deeply respectful gesture of acknowledgment.

Norah raised her eyes.

"It is very little to be grateful for," she said with the smile that made her face perfect. "I am sure my father——"

As she spoke Casper raised his head with a growl, and thinking that Guildford Berton was returning, Norah ran towards the dog.

A moment afterwards a slow step was heard, and the earl came from between the trees.

His head was bent and his hands crossed upon his stick, and he did not see them at once.

Then he started, and looked from one to the other with his keen grey eyes, which eventually fixed themselves upon the handsome face of the young artist.

Norah looked neither embarrassed nor shy, but going up to him, said quietly:

"This gentleman is making a sketch of the glade, papa."

Cyril Burne had risen, and now raised his hat.

The earl raised his with his accustomed courtliness, and the two men looked at each other; the elder one with veiled scrutiny, the younger with frank respect due to age, but with another expression which Norah caught but did not quite understand.

"I am gratified that you should deem our purely sylvan scenery worthy your attention, sir," said the earl in his dulcet tones. "We cannot lay claim to any grandeur, but——"

He waved his white hand almost apologetically towards the beautiful sweep of woods and fields.

"I ought to ask your pardon for trespassing, my lord," said Cyril Burne, "and would do so, but that this lady has absolved me."

The earl shot a keen glance at Norah, who stood listening to the two men intently.

"My daughter has rightly interpreted my desire, sir," he said in his very best manner. "Art holds a passport which only the barbarian refuses to acknowledge. I beg you will consider yourself free to wander anywhere you please."

Cyril Burne bowed his thanks, and the earl moved towards the easel.

"May one venture to ask the favor of a sight of your picture, Mr. ——"

He paused.

"Burne, Cyril Burne," said Cyril.

"Ah," murmured the earl, "I do not think I have heard the name before; but, indeed, I have been so long out of touch with the artistic world as to be ignorant of its most famous men."

Cyril Burne laughed shortly.

"I am one of the least famous, my lord," he said.

"Then your merit still awaits its reward, believe me," retorted the earl, raising his eye glass and examining the sketch with the appropriate air of critical attention. But as he saw the figure of Norah, he turned his glasses upon the artist and then upon Norah with a veiled sharpness.

"Is this the first time you have acted as a model, Norah?" he asked, pointing to the figure with his glasses.

Norah smiled, and scarcely blushed.

"Yes," she replied, "and I did it unconsciously now. Mr. Burne was painting the dog——"

"And presumed to add another figure," said Cyril quickly, "and with your daughter's permission retained it on the canvas; but if you have the least objection my lord——" He took up the brush as he had done before.

"No, no," said the earl, evidently mollified by such prompt deference; "pray let it stand. Lady Norah is the best judge of the —or—*convenances*,"—he said this as if he meant to imply that she was the very worst—"and if she does not object——" He shrugged his shoulders slightly, as if the matter were really to trivial for elaboration. "Permit me to repeat my request that you will use any part of Santleigh you please for your sketch book, Mr. Burne, and to wish you good-day. Come, Norah," and he raised his hat with a stately grace.

Norah bestowed a bow and a smile upon Cyril, who bent respectfully, and the earl was silent; then in the softest and suavest voices he said—

"Had you ever met that young man before, Norah? Pray pardon my curiosity, and if it is unwelcome to you, do not gratify it."

Norah opened her eyes upon him.

"Why should I not tell you, papa?" she said. "Oh, no, I never saw him before this morning; and," she smiled, "I should not have seen him then if I had not overheard him and Mr. Berton—talking," she said, instead of quarrelling."

The earl looked up.

"Oh! Guildford Berton and he met this morning. Does he—Guildford, I mean—know him?"

"Evidently not," said Norah, "for Mr. Berton was warning him off as a trespasser, when——"

"You interposed and gave him permission to remain," put in the earl dryly; "and to recompense him permitted him to insert you in his sketch?"

A faint color rose to Norah's face.

"You forgot, papa, that I did not know he was painting me. He was taking Casper's portrait."

"Ah, well! Your friend is evidently a gentleman——"

"My friend, papa!" and she laughed.

"At any rate," he retorted, as suavely as before "you were very friendly."

"Why should I not be?" said Norah innocently. "Besides," she hesitated a moment, "Mr. Berton had been so rude, that I wanted to make it up to him, to show him that it was not your wish that he should be treated as he had been."

"I comprehend," said the earl; "but pardon me if I venture to remark that you must have misapprehended Guildford Berton. He is incapable of rudeness."

Norah looked at the aristocratic face with momentary surprise. Could it be possible that the earl, who seemed so keen and incisive an observer, should be deceived by Guildford Berton?

"Guildford," he went on, "is a young man of great firmness and tenacity of purpose, but he is a model of courtesy and forbearance. I fear that the young stranger must have been the person guilty of incivility."

A swift denial rose to Norah's lips, but she suppressed it.

"Indeed," he resumed, "the young man appears to me to have any quantity of—we will call it confidence. Doubtless he will paint a finished picture from his little sketch, and it will be represented in next year's Academy as a portrait of Lady Norah Arrowdale. Perhaps that would not altogether displease you, however," and his lips curved slightly and sarcastically.

"I am sure he will do nothing of the kind," she said quietly and confidently. "You said, papa, that he was a gentleman."

The earl looked rather taken aback for a moment.

"A gentleman leavened by the artist," he retorted. "But we can easily set the matter at rest. Guildford Berton shall make inquiries about him, and if he finds his credentials satisfactory, I will, if you like, Norah, call upon him and ask him to dinner."

Norah fought hard to keep down the blush that threatened to rise to her beautiful face.

"I am quite indifferent, papa," she said simply, "and perhaps he would not come."

The earl was again nonplussed.

"It is possible," he said dryly, "but not probable. We will see. Guildford shall make inquiries about him. One should encourage art."

Norah made no response, and in silence they reached the house.

As they were ascending the steps, a young girl in a pink dress came from a small doorway below the terrace, and moved slowly towards the shrubbery.

She was a slim and graceful girl, a brunnette with hair and eyes almost black in hue, and Norah stopped and looked after her.

"What a pretty girl, papa!" she exclaimed with the prompt admiration of one handsome woman for another.

The earl turned and adjusted his eye glasses.

"Indeed! I did not notice. Ah, yes, I see. Was she handsome? One of the maids, I presume. And yet, I do not remember her face."

"I should so like to know who she is," said Norah. "She has most beautiful eyes and hair."

The earl raised his brows as if her curiosity about an inferior was inexplicable to him.

"I regret that I cannot inform you," he said; "but here is Harman, your maid: perhaps she can do so. Excuse me."

And with a wave of his hand towards Harman, which also served as a gesture of adieu to Norah, he quickly entered the house.

Harman, who had come out upon the terrace, evidently not seeing Norah and the earl, stood shading her eyes with her hands, and looking after the disappearing figure of the young girl.

Norah went up to her.

"Who is that pretty girl, Harman?" she asked.

The woman started and dropped a confused curtsey.

"It is my niece, my lady," she replied with an air of apology and embarrassment.

"Your niece!" said Norah in surprise. "What is her name? She is a very beautiful girl."

Harman stifled a sigh.

"Rebecca South, my lady. We call her Becca. Yes, my lady, she is not bad looking," and she sighed again.

"That is scarcely giving her her due," said Norah with a smile. "Does she live here—at the Court."

"No, my lady. Becca lives with her grandfather in the village, but she comes to see me—with the housekeeper's permission—my lady. She's an orphan, my lady, and I—" she hesitated, "I look after her as much as I can," and an expression of anxiety and disquietude crossed her face.

"Poor girl! No father nor mother! I hope she comes to see you often, Harman," said Norah cordially. "You must be proud of having so pretty a niece."

"Proud? Oh, yes, miss; but—"

Harman paused a moment, then went on as if explaining the pause.

"But Becca's a good girl as girls go, my lady," she continued, "but inclined to be flighty and light-headed. If people would only not be so ready to tell her to her face that she's well favored it would be far better for her!"

Norah smiled.

"It must be difficult not to be vain with such hair and eyes," she said, with such perfect unconsciousness of her own loveliness that Harman started and looked at her. "And I suppose Becca has a great many admirers and is something of a flirt?"

Harman shook her head assentingly and regretfully.

"That is it, my lady," she said. "Her young head gets turned, I'm afraid. And—and there is no one to look after her as she should be looked after. My father is old and almost blind, and I can't have her with me always."

"Why not?" said Norah at once. "Why shouldn't she come into the house? I'm sure there is room enough," and she glanced with a smile along the great place.

Harman colored with pleasure and gratitude, then Norah saw her face fall.

"Oh, my lady!" she said. "But—but Becca doesn't know anything, and Mrs. Parsons—that's the housekeeper, my lady—will not have young girls in the Court unless they are properly trained."

"But one cannot be born an accomplished servant," said Norah, laughing. "One must learn."

"Yes, my lady," assented Harman, "that is true, and Becca could learn anything, she's so quick; but——"

"Well?" said Norah, who saw there was still something behind.

"Ah, my lady, you'll think me ungrateful and Becca a foolish, conceited girl, and I'm afraid she is, for the stupid child has got it into her head that she's above a servant's place, my lady. And it's such a pity, for she's so quick with her needle, and so apt at catching up anything in the book learning."

"I don't think any the worse of her for all this," said Norah gently, "and if you think she would be happy, why shouldn't she come and help you with my clothes? I'm afraid you will have a great deal too much to do, and you would like to have her under your special charge, would you not?"

Harman seemed speech.ess with gratitude for a moment, and something like tears came into her eyes.

"You are very good, my lady," she said, almost inaudibly. "And she will be very glad to come, I know. And as to me I —"

"Very well, then," said Norah lightly, "that matter is settled. And, oh, Harman," she added as she turned away, "you may tell Mrs. Parsons that—" she blushed, "that I will pay Rebecca's wages. I am very rich," she laughed. "How much ought I to give her? Please tell me the truth, now!"

"Nothing, my lady," said Harman. "But if anything, very little indeed."

"Twenty pounds a year!" suggested Norah.

Harman shook her head decisively.

"No, my lady," she said, "that would be too high a wage, and too much for so young a girl as Becca to have to spend on dress —for that's how it would all go, my lady," she sighed.

"Well," said Norah thoughtfully, "where is the special wickedness in that, Harman? If I earned any money I should like to spend it how I pleased, and I am sure Becca would buy very pretty clothes."

"Yes, my lady," assented Harman respectfully, "she has good taste, though where she got it—if you'll make it ten pounds, my lady."

"Very well," said Norah. "Well?" she asked with a smile, for the woman had looked at her with a peculiar fixedness.

Harman colored and quickly dropped her eyes.

"Begging your ladyship's pardon," she exclaimed in a low voice, "I was thinking that I told your ladyship that you were not like the countess, your mother; but I didn't know you so well yesterday!" and she curtseyed.

Norah looked down, and her lip quivered; then she said:

"Will you tell Becca that I should like to see her?"

Then she ran into the house, with her heart lighter and brighter than it had been since she arrived at the Court, and altogether unconscious that she had that morning forged two links in the chain of her destiny.

CHAPTER VII.

CYRIL BURNE stood looking after Norah and the earl for some moments, then he went back to his easel. But he could not work. The beauty of the scene which he had so revelled in a short time ago had mysteriously fled; the sun was still shining, the trees still in their summer beauty, but the joyous light had somehow disappeared at the moment Norah had passed from sight.

He sat and gazed absently at the sketch, but he saw not it, but the lovely face with its expressive eyes and the wealth of golden-brown hair.

He had been smitten by her beauty on the preceding afternoon, but now that he had talked with her, basked in her smile, watched the thousand expressions that flashed in the lovely eyes and seemed to dance on the sweet lips, his admiration had grown into—what?

That aching in the heart, a craving to see more of her, to hear her, to be near her, which we call love.

His face grew pale in the intensity of his thoughts, and he unconsciously murmured:

"Lord Arrowdale's daughter, and I—am a poor painter! And it was she whom I heard last night! I knew it! Lord Arrowdale's daughter! Will he be angry with her for staying to talk with me? For letting me paint her? Perhaps he will tell her that she sinned against the fetishes, Conventionality and Propriety—will forbid her to recognize me when she sees me again. And I must see her! I must! I must! Norah! I never thought the name so beautiful before! Oh, Jack, Jack, you didn't call me a fool last night; but I deserved that you should! Norah!"

He murmured the name as if it were the sweetest music in his ears; then he looked at her figure in the sketch, and, as if it cost him a tremendous effort, he gently and softly drew the wet brush over it and effaced it.

"I stole that," he murmured. "I was not fair. It was sacrilege! But some day —"

He broke off suddenly, becoming conscious that he was not alone. At the right of him amongst the trees flickered a patch of pink.

It was a woman's dress. He looked at it with some surprise, and saw a tall, slim girl with black hair and dark, melting eyes which were fixed on something in the distance.

She had not seen him, and he had sat too motionless and quiet for her to have heard him. Her wondered vaguely what she was looking at until he saw a waiting impatient look.

A lover has no eyes for any other woman than the mistress of his heart, but Cyril Burne was an artist, and he noticed that the girl was more than pretty, and he watched her as she stood tapping her small foot on the ground and plucking at the cheap but neat lace on her dress—watched her absent-mindedly.

Suddenly she turned her head, as one instinctively does when one is watched, her dark face flushed, and she made a movement as if to conceal herself behind the trees, but as Cyril mechanically raised his hat she stepped forward, and stood looking at him half shyly, half defiantly.

"It is very warm," said Cyril for the sake of saying something, wondering whether she was a servant, and inclined to decide that she was a farmer's daughter.

Becca inclined her head.

"Yes," she said. "What are you doing?" and her dark eyes wandered curiously at the picture.

"Painting," he replied, checking a smile.

She came up to him and looked at the sketch, and the thought crossed Cyril's mind that he had quite a grand private view that day.

"It's very pretty," she said; then as she looked at him again she made a half curtsey and her face crimson, "I—I beg your pardon, sir. I—I didn't know you were a gentleman."

Cyril laughed.

"Didn't you?" he said. "Well, that's a mistake other people often make. And after all, perhaps I'm not. But we won't argue the question; you have done nothing that requires my pardon. Are you waiting for someone?"

The girl started and looked at him, and then averted her eyes.

"No," she said in a low voice, "I was looking at the deer."

He nodded.

He was sure that he had not seen her before, and yet somehow her voice seemed familiar to him. Suddenly there flashed upon him the recollection of the fragment of conversation he had heard by the horse pond last night, and looked at her with more interest.

"Do you live near here?" he quickly asked.

She nodded.

"In the village, sir."

"Well—I suppose I mustn't ask you your name?" he said, with the frank smile in his eyes and about his lips that was so characteristic and irresistible.

The girl colored, and shot a glance at him out of her dark eyes.

"Oh, yes, sir; I'm Becca South."

"Becca? That's short, for Rebecca, I suppose? Well, it's a pretty name, and"—"you're a pretty girl," he was going to add thoughtlessly, but it struck him at the moment that it was scarcely a wise thing to add to the vanity already existing behind the pretty face—"and now I must be going," he said instead, and he began to pack up his things.

In doing so he dropped his box of colors, and Becca quite naturally went down on one knee to help in their recovery.

"You are very kind and I am very clumsy," he was saying with a laugh, when as if from the ground Guildford Berton and his black horse stood before them.

Becca uttered a cry and let drop the box, and Cyril looking up fancied he saw, if not fear, a look of recognition in her face, which had grown suddenly peony color; but Mr. Guildford Berton glanced at her in a cursory way.

"Ah, Becca," he said carelessly.

She stood for a minute, her eyes fixed upon the ground; then, putting the box on the ledge of the easel, turned and disappeared amongst the trees.

Cyril expected Guildford Berton either to ride on or to commence a verbal, perhaps a physical, attack upon him in continuation of that of the morning, but calmly went on arranging his painting tools.

But to his surprise Guildford Berton dismounted, and coming up to him said—

"Mr. Burne—for I have learned in the village that that is your name—I have come to offer an apology for my—discourtesy this morning."

He pronounced the words slowly and distinctly, though in a low voice, as if he had been rehearsing them, and Cyril looked up at the set face with a look that was one of astonishment for the moment, but instantly changed to a more cordial one.

"I was engaged in deep thought when I came upon you suddenly, and being quite unprepared for your presence I—candidly admit—lost my temper. I beg to tender you an apology."

Cyril held out his hand in frank and prompt response.

"I accept it, Mr. Berton," he said. "I fancy we both lost our tempers, didn't we? At any rate, I'm sure I did. But, you see, I disliked being disturbed at my work as you did at your thinking. And after all, it was I who was in the wrong, though I am glad to find that I was not quite such a criminal—well, as I supposed," he said good naturedly, for he was going to say, "as you tried to make me out."

Guildford Berton took the hand and held it for a second, then let it drop, and stood with his eyes fixed on the ground as if he were listening intently to every word the other said.

Then he raised his eyes, and looking first at Cyril and then beyond him, said in the same guarded, impressive voice:

"I hear that you are staying at the rooms at the Chequers?"

"Yes," said Cyril, "and very jolly little rooms they are."

He spoke quite pleasantly and genially, for it was not his way to bear a grudge against the man whose apology and hand he had accepted.

"Yes. I am living in a small cottage in the lane close by; anyone will show it to you. Perhaps if you are not more profitably or pleasantly engaged you will come in and quietly smoke a cigar with me this evening?"

He gave the invitation almost in the same tone as that in which he had offered his apology, and Cyril would have like to have declined, but thinking it would seem ungracious he accepted at once.

"I shall be very much pleased," he replied.

"Very well, then," said Guildford Berton.

He still stood, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I am going to the Court," he said slowly, "and shall see the earl. I am sure that he will permit me to convey to you his permission to go about the estate."

"Thanks very much," said Cyril. "It's very good of you. But I saw the earl this afternoon, and he was kind enough to make me free of the place."

"You saw the earl?" said Guildford Berton, then he stopped. "I'm very glad. Then —this evening?"

Cyril nodded and took up his folded easel preparatory to marching off.

"Yes, about nine o'clock, if that's not too early," and Guildford Berton rode off slowly in the direction of the Court.

Some feeling that he could not explain caused Cyril to glance back after he had gone a few hundred yards, and he did so in time to see the pink dress flit close up beside the black horse. It was there only a moment, for Cyril saw, or fancied he saw Guildford Berton raise his hand with a warning gesture, and Becca disappeared again.

* * * * * *

Cyril worked at his sketch all the afternoon with a keener delight than he had ever before experienced; for though he had painted out Nora's figure, the picture was so closely connected with her that her presence actually seemed to be in the room as he painted; and he paused now and again, to lean back and recall the morning, which she had made so delicious a time for him.

Then, when he had finished his dinner—a simple affair of chops and tart, but which he had enjoyed with the zest which youth and good appetite alone can give—he lit a pipe, and bethought himself of Mr. Guildford Berton's invitation.

If Cyril had followed his own inclination he would have avoided any further acquaintance with the gentleman who could be offensive one hour and conciliatory the next; but he had accepted, and intended going, though there was something about Guildford Berton which repelled Cyril.

For one thing he did not like a man whose eyes so continually sought the ground instead of those of his fellow men; and there was a certain turn of the lips and the chin that offended Cyril's artistic sense. Had the face been positively ugly he would have forgiven it, but it was the expression that marred it and of which he complained to himself.

Just before nine he put on his hat and started in search of the cottage. Following Mrs. Brown's directions, he walked up the lane behind the horsepond, and presently came upon a door in a high wall, behind which he could see the upper windows and chimneys of an old cottage.

As this was the only house in the lane, Cyril concluded that it must be Mr. Guildford Berton's abode, and he was as unfavorably impressed by it as he had been by its owner. One expects a country cottage to be light and cheerful; Mr. Guildford Berton's resembled a small lunatic asylum and had a morose and forbiding appearance singularly out of place in the pretty green lane.

He tried to open the door, but it was locked apparently, and he touched a bell-handle which hung high up in the wall above the reach of infantile hands.

The bell clanged harshly, and quite in keeping with the gloomy appearance of the wall, and, after a few minutes, the door opened by an old woman who eyed him with an expression that puzzled him; it was not exactly one of suspicion, but rather the concentrated look of a person who lacks one of the five senses, and is endeavoring to make up for its loss by more than the ordinary acuteness of the remaining four.

"Is Mr. Berton at home?" asked Cyril.

The woman nodded, and opening the door wide enough for him to enter, let it go, and it fell to with a sharp clang.

Then with a slight gesture she beckoned Cyril to follow, and, leading the way up a path which was lined on each side by thick shrubs, and wound about so that it hid the cottage, she stopped before the door and motioned to him to enter, instead of preceding him and announcing him in the usual way.

Cyril found the door ajar, and, pushing it, entered a small hall. The place was remarkably quiet, and after waiting for a minute to see if his host would come out from some room to receive him, Cyril knocked at a door which he thought might be that of a sitting-room.

No response came, and after another spell of waiting he walked to the front door, and looked about for the woman who had let him in; but the winding path with its thick shrubs effectually hid everything from view, and not liking to shout out, "Mr. Berton, where are you?" he returned to the hall, and gently opened the door of the room at which he had knocked.

It was a sitting-room, as he had suspected, but so dimly lighted by a small petroleum lamp that at first he could scarcely distinguish anything distinctly.

Then suddenly, as he grew accustomed to the light, he was startled to see Guildford Berton's figure lying back in an arm-chair.

It was placed with its back to the window, and Cyril, thinking that he had fallen asleep, wondered whether he had not better return as quietly as possible, and refrain from waking his host, who had apparently so completely forgotten his visitor.

But as he turned to go with a sense of relief, something in the attitude of the figure struck him, and he noiselessly drew a little nearer.

Guildford Berton,, if he were asleep, had fallen into slumber very suddenly, and in a very uncomfortable position; his head lay all one side of the chair, and his legs were stretched out with a peculiarly helpless expression about them.

As Cyril looked he experienced a sudden shock, for the thought flashed upon him that the man was dead! The stillness of the place hung over it like a pall, and, for the first time, he noticed a faint and peculiar odor in the room that reminded him of a smell hanging about a chemist's shop.

He went up to the motionless figure and bent over it. The eyes were half open, the lips tightly compressed, but whatever else was the matter, Cyril saw by the low and labored breathing that Guildford Berton was not dead.

Considerably alarmed, he looked round for a bell, but not seeing any sign of one, he went to the door and called for the woman, "Hi!"

No response came, the stillness was unbroken, and hurriedly returning to the unconscious man he shook him gently by the shoulder, and called him by his name.

This failing of effect, he searched the room for some water, and seizing a carafe from a side table poured out some of the contents into the palms of his hands and bathed Guildford Berton's forehead.

After a few minutes, which seemed years to Cyril, Berton opened his eyes and heaved a long sigh; then a gleam of returning intelligence came into his face, and making an effort to sit up, he said, staring at his visitor—

"The bottle—— Put it away!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAILURE is not such a bad thing after all. It is acknowledge to be a profitable thing to fail in business, and we know some men who wish forty times a day that they had failed in love.

SWEET HEART.

BY S. U. W.

Dip southward, Earth, and bare thy breast
To meet the warm kiss of the sun;
And in thy subtle throbbing feel
Another golden spring begun.

Wake violets that lie asleep
In soft blue dreams beneath the snow,
And send the maple's amber blood
Through all its veins in passion's flow.

And by-and-by call back the birds;
Call back the bloom to shrub and tree;
But not from height or depth, O Earth!
May you call back Sweet Heart to me.

The merest seed that fell by chance,
The merest grass blade on the plain,
Shall thrill to hear your lightest step,
But at her grave you call in vain.

Of bird and bud and warm South wind,
She—brighter, sweeter than them all—
In some existence, rich and strange,
Heeds neither Spring's nor Love's recall.

The End of It.

BY A. G. R.

IT WAS A LITTLE white cottage with a green door and garden in front full of holly-hocks, wall-flowers, Canterbury bells, and all sorts of old-fashioned flowers; screened from the public gaze by a thick privet hedge, but over the top of which the inquisitive passer-by might still, at times, catch a glimpse of Miss Priscilla Pritchett, in an appalling sun-bonnet and prodigious wash leather gloves, engaged in gardening operations and waging war against all caterpillars and other horticultural depredators.

The crossest old maid in the village—or out of it—so people said, and the ugliest too, said the boys who made raids upon her apple-trees, purloined her cherries, and chivied her poultry.

And yet there were one or two sober-minded, middle-aged folk who declared that they remembered a time when Miss Priscilla was a young and pretty girl, who wouldn't have said "boh!" to a goose, much less have threatened to take the law of Jim Andrews for throwing stones at her cat—and he the only son of Widow Andrews, who every one knew was as decent and hard-working a woman as ever kept body and soul together by going out washing and keeping a little shop.

But these same worthy people were wont to add, with a shake of the head, for the benefit of those unbelievers to whom the idea of Miss Pritchett ever having been otherwise than the grim, gaunt, and aggressive female they now knew, seemed fabulous and incredible:

"Ah, that was before Dick Merton went wrong and jilted her, with the wedding-day fixed and all!"

Young and pretty! Ah, well, she was old and ugly enough now, and that was all that the rising generation cared for.

They saw no pathos in the sharp, bony features; nor the light of a long-gone-by love story in those keen, remorseless eyes, always on the alert, and keeping a sharp look out for opportunities to pounce upon, and salute with a cuff or shake, those youthful depredators and juvenile offenders by whom she was held in such peculiar abhorrence.

And to imagine for an instant that those shrill, rasping tones had ever fallen in sweet and dulcet melody upon the ear of, at least, one individual, was a thing, the mere supposition of which involuntarily caused the nose of the sceptical to elevate itself in scorn.

Miss Priscilla Pritchett was an old maid must have been born in that capacity, and would infallibly continue in the same to the end of the chapter.

And, truth to tell, she was not a prepossessing object as she stood, a grim, motionless figure, between the rows of tall hollyhocks and trim lavender bushes which lined the path leading to her tiny cottage.

Tall and gaunt, with scant wiry hair dragged away from her seamed and weather-beaten features, and screwed up behind into what resembled a ball of grey worsted—there, with everything round her as fresh and green as she was worn and grizzled, as she stood, brandishing in one hand a pair of large gardening scissors, with defiance and contempt towards mankind generally expressive in her very attitude, she presented an unclassical, but not unfaithful, representation of that eldest of the three fates, Atropos by name, who is represented as holding the fatal shears with which to cut the thread of human life.

For on that day of all days did Miss Priscilla hold herself aggrieved and indignant, and was consequently in a frame of mind which might well have made the boldest boy who ever coveted his neighbor's apple-tree, shudder.

For had not she that very morning, while arrayed in her full panoply of sun-bonnet, leather gloves, and coarse working apron, been stared at over her own hedge by a man—a member of that vile and abominable sex, whose ways were the ways of deceitfulness, and whose ultimate end was perdition!

A man—and what was more, a disreputable man—though in Miss Pritchett's eyes they were more or less disreputable (generally more).

But this was the out-at-elbows, ragged, and footsore disreputableness; in fact it was a tramp, and one whose fortunes were—to judge by his outer man—at their lowest and most poverty-stricken ebb, who had thus dared to desecrate by his impertinent gaze the sanctity of those precincts, within whose boundries no masculine and contaminating foot was ever allowed to tread.

That little white gate was kept latched alike in the face of parson, provision merchant, or tax collector.

The butcher or baker might hand their wares over the uncompromising portal, but woe betide them, or any one who, on his own responsibility, dared to cross that virgin threshold.

The postman, when he came at all—which was not more frequently than twice or thrice in the year—stuck his missive in the hedge and decamped, after ringing the bell.

In fact, only those ribald boys before mentioned, to whom that gate was as the gate of Paradise, by reason of the rosy-cheeked apples and juicy cherries which hung ripening within, out of their reach, had dared to invade that chaste and solitary domain.

And even they—after the terrible fate of that youthful malefactor, Tim Rawlings, who, scared at the sudden and awful apparition of Miss Priscilla in a nightcap, had fallen out of the tree and broke his leg—had fought shy of that jealous enclosure, and shunned all possible contact with its lonely tenant, as they would have avoided the plague.

But to return to the tramp, whose reprehensible conduct had awakened such wrath and—though she would have contradicted it flatly with her last breath—such uneasiness in Miss Priscilla's breast.

A ragged, dusty, grey, disreputable, and worn-out old tramp! A man who might have been at least fifty or so, but whose feeble frame might also have been bent by the weight of an additional score of years!

And there he stood, as Miss Priscilla observed on raising herself from her occupation of weeding her narrow gravel path, and making it in all respects what a gravel path should be—for every one knows that this is an employment which requires a considerable amount of back-straightening from time to time, especially when there is a tendency to rheumatism, and we are not so young as we have been.

Judge, then, her righteous indignation, when, on pausing from her toil, she beheld the head and shoulders of a man over her high privet hedge—the head having, by way of covering, the battered remnant of a wideawake, and the shoulders being clad in a coat, which was old and ragged as to be of a particularly light and airy discription, suitable to the time of the year, and proving to consist, on closer acquaintance, acquaintance, of a sleeve and a half, and miscellaneous assortment of patches.

Miss Pritchett was so amazed and disgusted at the indecency of his conduct, that at first she could do nothing but stare back at him, until finding her tongue—which was never mislaid for any length of time—she addressed him as a good-for-nothing vagabond, and bade him begone!

The man thus attacked:

"As ill-looking a wretch as ever I saw!" soliloquised Miss Priscilla (and in one sense he certainly was)—touched his battered old hat with his forefinger, and made as though he would have spoken; but before he could open his lips, she let loose upon him such a flood of vituperation, and threatened him with such dire and dreadful penalties, if he dared to lay a finger on the tiniest twig, or asked for so much as a crust, that the wretched wayfarer drooped his weary old head, and, with a dreary shake of the bent shoulders, shambled off.

Miss Priscilla took the precaution, after thus effectually warning him off the premises, to see that he was not loitering anywhere in the neighborhood, or lurking round a corner, with the foul intent of returning after dark and making a felonious entry.

Then she saw, as he limped slowly along the white, dusty road, that he was followed at a little distance by a boy, a little, barefooted lad, who wore the same weary, desolate look and whose head drooped upon his shoulders in the same hopeless way as that of the man in whose footsteps he was treading.

Miss Priscilla looked after them both until they turned a corner of the road and disappeared from her sight.

Then she snorted so portentously that her sun-bonnet fell off, and muttered to herself:

"A pretty pair, no doubt! I do not have no tramps hanging about my place, a-telling me they're starving, and not a bit of shoe-leather to their foot! Serve 'em right!"

And, so saying, she picked up her gardening implements, and stalking up the gravel path she had been so carefully weeding before the interruption came, entered the house and banged the door behind her, as though by so doing she would cut off all unpleasant thoughts, as well as communication with the outside world.

But it was quite in vain.

There had been something in the abject misery and want, so plainly depicted in the man's face, which haunted her, something which came back again and again, as she tried to thrust it aside; and as she went about her small household duties there rose up continually before her the picture of those two, the man and the boy, as they took their weary way along the dusty road in the heat of the day.

And he, the older of the two, was an oldish man, she thought to herself indignantly.

What did he mean by it, tramping about the country and worrying respectable folks who kept themselves to themselves and couldn't abide tramps?

And so the hours went by, until it was evening, and once more she was at work among her flowers, watering, and cutting away the dead leaves, and tending them carefully.

More than once during this, her favorite employment, she found her thoughts wandering back resentfully to that good-for-nothing old tramp; and once she felt herself constrained to go to the gate, and standing there, gaze along the road round the corner of which those two unwelcome visitants had disappeared.

Though why she did it, or what she expected to see there, she refused to acknowledge, even to herself.

"I'm an old fool;" she said at last, when it was getting so dusk that she could no longer distinguish leaf from bloom, and the water-can had been filled and emptied an indefinite number of times. "An old fool!" she repeated emphatically, as she pulled off her thick gardening-gloves and deposited the rake in its own particular corner. "And I don't care who says I ain't. Why, bless and save us, what's that?"

Surely somebody was trying to open the gate! Somebody who was very small, and who rattled the latch ineffectually in his efforts to force an entrance.

Seizing the rake again in one hand, as a protection against the bold marauder, whoever he might be, Miss Pritchett advanced with hasty steps and with a strange, unaccustomed feeling of what was almost like dread in her heart. Who could he be who dared——?

With fingers trembling with what might have been wrath, but what was curiously like agitation, she raised the latch, at the same time exclaiming in her gruffest and most uncompromising tones:

"Who's that?"

Whoever it was had evidently found his courage fail him at the last moment, and was fleeing, as for his life, through the gathering gloom, and Miss Pritchett could tell by the soft thud of his feet on the dusty road, that he was bare footed.

Poor half-starved little wretch, faint and footsore as he was, a few score strides brought him within reach, and, being grasped by what might have been his collar—had he possessed such an appendage—he was hauled up sharp and dragged back again.

"Now then!" as soon as she had got her breath, "what do you mean by it, eh?" with a feint at knocking his head against the gate-post. "After my cherries, were you? Just let me catch you at it, will you!" with a terrible shake that made his teeth rattle.

The miserable, scared little mortal tried to wriggle out of her hands; but she held him like a vice, though, at the same time, she was conscious of a tightening at her heart and a dread of something coming.

Then gathering up the remnants of his courge, the lad spoke in a quavering voice:

"Please, it was father——"

"What's that got to do with it?" exclaimed the outraged spinster. "Drat your father—and you too!"

The last was an after-thought; and then she shook him again, until he staggered, and would have fallen, but for the grip she had on him.

"Father's dying," he murmured again brokenly, "and he sent me to give you this."

And, opening his ragged jacket, he pointed to a fragment of paper pinned inside for safety.

"A begging letter, I dare say. Take it away. I won't look at it. You ought to be in jail, you and your father too—a regular bad lot! Dying, indeed! What's that to me, I should like to know?"

But the boy, whose small, white face and famine-sharpened features filled her with a sense of vague discomfort, and seemed somehow like a little reproachful ghost conjured up from the past, repeated in dazed, weak tones:

"Father's dying. He says he can't go on no longer—he's dead beat, he is, and must give up—and I was to give you this."

The sense of tightness at her heart increased, and became as though a hand had been laid upon it and was clutching it in an iron-grasp, as she read it, by the light of the moon, the straggling, half-illegible words scrawled in pencil by a trembling hand, on the torn, crumpled paper:

"Pray come to me at Sharker's Rents and see me before I die.

"DICK MERTON."

There was a feeling as though everything was whirling round her, followed by another which seemed to tell her that she had known it all from the very first moment she had caught sight of those pinched and haggard features across the hedge, and watched the two figures plodding along the hard, dusty road, in the morning sunshine.

Releasing, for the first time, her clutch of the boy's jacket, she put out her hand to support herself by the gate-post; and at she did so the captive fled for the second time, and urged on by panic and fear of falling again into those bony remorseless hands, was almost instantly swallowed up in the dusk.

Miss Priscilla still stood there with one hand on the gate-post, and the other grasping the scrap of paper, motionless and oblivious, until at last, with a nervous shudder, and a sudden coming to herself, she turned and tottered slowly up the path, and re-entering the house, shut herself in with her memories of the past.

He was dying, and begged her to come to him before he died! She, the woman whom he had jilted and deceived, and made a by-word and a laughing-stock!

He, the man who had crushed her heart, and abandoned her for another within a week of the wedding day, until she had turned against all mankind for his false sake!

Was she to meekly and promptly obey the summons which this man had sent—who said he was dying, but who might only scoff at her, and hold her up to ridicule?

Dying, was he? Let him die, and cumber the ground no longer!

Then in a tumult of rage and furious indignation as she thought of the traitor who had wrecked her life and left her, she seized a candle, and with hasty steps trod the steep staircase leading to the upper storey of her four-roomed cottage, where was the thing she sought.

An ancient and ponderous oak chest, in a dark corner of an empty, unoccupied room, with a rusty key which turned so stiffly in the lock that she was obliged to set her candle beside her on the floor, and strive with both hands before she could unlock it.

At last, with a creak and a harsh, grating sound, it gave way.

A mouldy smell, as though years had passed since the lid had last been raised, and after that a fainter odor of dried lavender, or some dead, fragrant herb, long gone to dust; then a white cloth, or what had once been white, but was now yellow and discolored by the progress of time, and under that—an old-fashioned gown, short-waisted, and sprigged with rosebuds; and beside it a large and equally old-fashioned straw bonnet, trimmed with roses under the wide brim.

"My wedding-dress!" she muttered, with what was almost a sob, though strangled in its birth by fierce pride and scorn of her own weakness.

She took them out and held them up to the light—that now strange-looking, scanty, befrilled garment, in whose folds the moths had held possession so long and undisturbed that the delicate fabric was eaten through and through in a hundred different places, while the bonnet-ribbons, on investigation, proved to be mottled with small round spots and splashes, as though tears had once been rained upon them before bonnet and gown had been hidden away these twenty years and more.

"My wedding gown!" she muttered; this time with an angry light in her eye, and a dull red flush on the sharp cheek-bones of that gaunt, grim face. "My wedding-gown! and he left me for the barmaid at the 'George and Dragon,' and ran away with her and his master's money! Let him die! I would not raise my little finger to save him!"

Then, as she sat beside the open chest, she fell into a waking dream, in which she saw two figures—a young man and a girl—a rosy-cheeked, bright eyed, happy-looking girl, walking together through the fields by the river-side at the close of a summer day, and one of them said:

"Only a month to-morrow to the wedding-day."

And there was no reply; but a bird overhead broke out into song, and the soft wind rustled the long grass by the brink of the river; and the two figures passing on side by side, melted into the golden haze of the setting sun; while another scene took the place of the first.

A cluster of deserted, ruinous hovels in a marshy, low-lying district, near to a stagnant pool, in one of which a worn-out tramp lay dying in the darkness, with no one near him but a little, half starved lad, with perhaps one hard crust to be shared between the two; while the damp, unwholesome mist from without, creeping in through the gaping crevices in wall and roof, enveloped the chilly form lying on a heap of mouldy straw and refuse, like a pall.

"Will she never come?" he murmured, feebly, as he tossed restlessly on his wretched death-bed. "Not even when she knows I'm dying? Oh, she's hard, hard, cruel hard."

The faint voice died away in long-drawn moans; the grey head fell back, and lay with wide-open, sightless eyes, staring upwards to where the stars twinkled down through the holes in the roof, and there was nothing heard but the stifled sobs of the little lad, as, with a cry of "Father! father! speak to me, father!" he flung himself upon the lifeless body.

"The Lord forgive me!" cried Miss Priscilla, five minutes later, as, with her bonnet pitched on anyhow, and her shawl all away, she took her way at a breathless pace along the dark, lonely, country road, and across the fields which intervened between her own tidy cottage and those desolate and deserted habitations known as "Sharker's Rents."

Hastening along in a tumult of conflicting feeling, dreading lest she might be too late, hoping that her fears were vain, tumbling over the stones, and wiping her eyes on her bonnet-strings, she hurried on faster and faster, though never had her progress appeared so slow.

"I've been hard, cruel hard, all these years!" she repeated to herself. "But I'll make up for it, if the Lord'll only give me time. I'll——"

Her foot went splash into something wet, and pulling herself up suddenly, she discovered that she had almost walked into the foul, stagnant pool which poisoned the air round about "Sharker's Rents."

Skirting its black, slimy edges, she came to the first of the four or five tumbledown tenements which were well-known by this name.

The door of the first one had rotted away from its hinges, and lay partly blocking up the entrance; within, all was dark. But as she listened, she heard faint, human sounds proceeding from the interior, and as she stepped across the partial barricade, a voice from out the obscurity inquired:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," she answered in trembling tones, "it's me, Priscilla!" as she groped her way across the uneven floor towards the corner from whence the sound proceeded.

"Then you have come," came in a husky whisper from the man who lay on a heap of rubbish. "I've been lying here listening and listening, and praying that you would," and a skeleton-like hand was stretched out and grasped her own in a fierce clutch.

"It's about the boy—I'd never have troubled you about myself—but he's the last of seven, and I couldn't die in peace with the thought of him being left to starve—though God knows he's used to it—but you won't let him do that? Say you won't!" and the voice came in agonized gasps. "He's only a little chap, and you'd never miss it. I'll never be able to lie quiet in my grave if——"

"Oh, Dick! Don't ye talk so!" cried Miss Priscilla, in a choking voice. "I'll be a mother to him, that I will; only try and get well, and I'll take care of you both, and you shall have the best of everything. The Lord forgive me for my wicked thoughts all these many years!"

"Bless you, bless you!" murmured the dying man; "but it's too late for me—it's the hard life and the starvation and the exposure of the last six months as has done for me, and I couldn't swallow now if I tried, though I would have asked you for a morsel this morning, only you spoke so fierce and looked so hard; but it's not too late for the boy, for I've often gone without so that he might have a bite."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! You'll break my heart. You as were the best-looking and the cleverest young fellow in the village! That you should have come to this, and me left comfortably off and living in my own house! Oh, never, never will I forgive myself!"

"God bless you, Priscilla! You're a good woman, though you did speak a bit rough-like this morning; but I behaved like a scoundrel to you, though I never forgot you, never, and never had a happy day after I left you. She wasn't a bad wife, Priscilla," speaking with painful eagerness, "and she had a hard life of it for years before she died, for I sunk lower and lower—but I shall die easy now that I've seen you once more; and I know you'll be good to the boy, though he is her child. Say you forgive me Priscilla, for I'm going fast!"

Miss Pritchett was down on her knees beside her old sweetheart, wiping his clammy forehead with her shawl, and sobbing incoherent words of grief and affection, such as none could have believed possible who had not heard her.

Then, as she felt the hand that had held hers so convulsively relax, and the breath come faint and fluttering, she whispered in his ear:

"Good-bye, Dick—good-bye!"

And the dying man heard her voice before his soul took flight, and replied with a flash of the lightning that comes before death, and with his thoughts wandering back to his old sweethearting days:

"Good-bye, 'Cilly! You'll meet me at the stile, to-morrow!"

* * * * * * *

A group of laborers who passed Sharker's Rents on their way to work in the fields, in the very early morning, were sorely amazed at the sight which met their eyes on passing an open doorway.

For seated beside a heap of straw, on which lay the dead body of a man—whose ragged garments showed the extremity of destitution—was that equally feared and detested Miss Priscilla Pritchett, that cantankerous old maid whose name was synonymous with all that was odious and disagreeable!

Her hand still rested on the coarse sacking, which was his only coverlet, and, at her feet, a little ragged urchin lay curled up asleep.

But what tongue can tell of the astonishment which prevailed when it became generally known that she had taken the "begger's brat" home to live with her, or of the utter stupefaction in which the general astonishment culminated on the day when she provided a feast, and threw open the gate of her apple orchard to all the boys in the village?

THE INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGES.—Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is perfectly happy with the object of his attachment, until he has passed many days of misfortune with her. The married pair must know each other to the centre of their souls—the mysterious veil which covered the two spouces in the primitive church, must be raised in the inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession which we are in danger of losing—the soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labors in the field, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his life is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they reap the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they meet again beyond the tomb.

ABOUT CLOVES.

CLOVES ARE thus named from the French word *clou*, a nail, the shape of which they are thought to resemble. They are obtained from the clove tree (a native of the Molucca), of which they are the undeveloped flower.

The pointed portion of the clove consists of the tubular calyx, while the nail-like head is formed of the unopened petals of the bud.

Each tree usually yields about five or six pounds of cloves, although, when great care has been taken in cultivating a tree, as much as twenty pounds have been obtained.

They are generally gathered as soon as they become red, which happens between October and December.

If they are allowed to remain on the tree after that time, they expand, and are often known as "mother cloves," which are of diminished value, as they are then only used for confectionery and for seeds.

As soon as the cloves are gathered, they are exposed to the smoke from a wood fire, to darken them, and then are usually dried in the sun.

Sometimes they are thrown into hot water before smoking them, but this is not the usual practice, as it injures their quality, and renders them soft, wrinkled, and of a dirty, pale color.

The clove-tree is cultivated in the East and West Indies, and much of that imported into this country comes from the Dutch settlements. The best kinds are sent over in boxes, while the inferior qualities are in bags.

Amboyna cloves are considered the most valuable, especially that kind known as "royal cloves," from the good qualities they possess. These are smaller and blacker than the other varieties.

In selecting cloves for household use, those only should be chosen that are well formed, perfect, plump, heavy, and not too small.

They should also be of a pitch-brown color externally, but reddish brown inside. When exposed to violence they should be brittle, but not crumble in pieces.

They should have a powerful and agreeable aromatic odor, and possess a very strong taste, somewhat acrid, which should remain on the tongue for a considerable period. When pressed between the fingers the skin should feel oily, from the essential oil the cloves exude when pressed.

But all cloves that look pale and shriveled, and possess but little smell and taste, should be rejected. So also should those that feel too light, or that have the knobs or other portions broken off.

Cloves from which the essential oil has been previously removed are often mixed with good ones, but they may be distinguished by their diminished color, taste, and odor, and by the knobs of the cloves being absent.

In purchasing cloves care should be taken to select those that feel perfectly dry, since to make cloves heavier they are sometimes placed beside a vessel of water, the vapor from which they readily absorb, and thus increase considerably in weight. Cloves contain a large quantity of a volatile essential oil, which varies in quantity from seventeen to twenty-two per cent., and to the presence of which they owe their peculiar properties.

When distilled with water this essential oil is obtained, the amount being usually being one-sixth of the weight of the cloves.

Oil of cloves possesses a deep red color, a powerful clove-like smell, and an aromatic and acrid taste. It is very stimulating, and in doses of two drops acts as a stomachic. The oil of cloves is employed when dissolved in rectified spirits of wine, as a flavoring essence for the kitchen.

It is also used occasionally to conceal the taste of certain medicines, such as black draught.

The oil of cloves is sometimes adulterated with olive oil, and other light oils. But the adulteration is very easily detected, for when poured into water, the light olive oil floats on the surface, while the heavy oil of cloves sinks to the bottom of the vessel containing it.

Scientific and Useful.

TO TAKE SMELL FROM FRESH PAINT.—Let tubs of water be placed in the newly painted room, near the wainscot, and an ounce of vitriolic acid put into the water; in a few days this water will absorb and retain the effluvia from the paint, but the tubs should be once or twice renewed with a fresh supply of water.

A NEW SMOKELESS GUNPOWDER.—An English military man has, it is stated, succeeded in preparing a really smokeless gunpowder. The material is greyish in color, and in the shape of cords or threads. Its constitution is not made public, but its smokeless character is well attested, and the bullets can be seen to strike the target.

A PALACE OF BLACK DIAMONDS.—A "coal palace," 150x300 feet and three stories high, is to be erected in East St. Louis. This palace will be a decidedly novel structure. The coal companies will furnish the material for the superstructure—black coal of every kind, and wrought out by saw, by mason's hammer and into artistic forms by the carver's chisel. The first floor will be of polished coal, and pillars of coal will support the floor—coal, coal everywhere. The purpose of the building will be to continually exhibit the agricultural and mineral products of Southern Illinois.

NEW USE OF MICA.—Mica is a mineral that has attracted some attention for the past few years in the Southern States, particularly in North Carolina, and large mica mines are now being developed in South Carolina. The principal use to which the mineral has been put heretofore is for stove doors and decorative purposes, such as bronzing, wall papering, &c. When properly prepared it can be used for a variety of purposes, and the discovery of this fact has led to the invention of machinery and processes for its special handling. This result is probably mainly owing to its adaptability as a lubricant for railway purposes, where its value lies in the fact that it is absolutely antifrictional, and it is claimed that with its use on hot boxes or journals are simply impossible. A company has been formed with facilities for pulverizing about five tons of mica daily.

Farm and Garden.

LINSEED OIL.—It is said that a coat of boiled linseed oil and ground charcoal on any kind of post will prevent its rotting. Any good paint will no doubt do just as well. The mineral paints are very cheap, and a coat of them on the post before it is set in the ground would at least double its life.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—Fruits and vegetables are perishable, and some attention should be given the time of harvesting and shipping in order that no delay may occur in reaching the market. A few hours on a warm day will make quite a difference in the appearance of fruit in market.

WORKING HARD.—Those who take pains, work hard, and struggle to secure certain crops that others will not grow, owing to the difficulties in the way, are nearly always sure to secure good prices for the same. It is the work that pays, and the most profitable crops are those that require attention and good management.

PLASTER.—The liberal use of land plaster in the stables, in the manure heap, and even on the grass land, will be found one of the cheapest and best modes of saving manure and increasing the yield of crops. Plaster is slightly soluble in water, and affords lime for plants as soon as applied to the crops. It is also an excellent absorbent and deodorizer.

FERTILITY.—If the fertility is not in your soil, put it in. Apply the necessary fertilizers to grow the crop and make the crop pay for them. In other words, manufacture raw materials into a useful and marketable crop that will pay all expenses and reward you for your labor. Then you do not make something out of nothing, but something valuable out of something not so valuable.

GUARDING AGAINST DISEASE.—It is suggested that laws be enacted to compel farmers and fruit-growers to spray their trees with insecticides in order to prevent fruit diseases. The bee-keepers, however, are organized to resist the right of a fruit-grower to spray his trees, even if he so desires, as the poison destroys the bees. They claim that the farmer has no right to place poison where it will damage the "stock" of others, and that bees are "producing stock."

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

Indirect Duties.

Indirect duties may be classed with "imperfect sympathies;" perhaps, indeed, the non-fulfilment of the former may be due to the existence of the latter, if that can be said to have an existence which is in itself a negation, a want.

It is curious, but unquestionably true, that the neglect of indirect duties not only may be, but often is, accompanied by the ardent and conscientious discharge of direct duties.

For instance, who does not know the model wife and mother, always at the beck and call of husband and children, always at work for them, cooking, mending, making—whose husband never has to complain of an ill cooked dinner or buttonless shirt? whose children's socks are always darned, their collars always clean, their boots in good repair, their hair well kept, their nails not unsightly?

Well for all belonging to her is such a mother; not for one moment would we be supposed to undervalue her good gifts; but we do grudge a little the supreme indifference she occasionally displays to the indirect duties of life.

If her husband's sisters happen to be in business, and need his help, his counsel, or countenance, perhaps, the devoted but exacting, the self-effacing and at the same time selfish wife resents the call for sympathy outside her own immediate circle. "I didn't marry the whole family," is her excuse to herself for the non-fulfilment of so indirect a duty.

Even so does the excellent husband on his part but too often regard his wife's relations and his duty to them; neither did he "marry the whole crew of them;" so he does not give to his brother in law LAZARUS even the crumbs of his monetary "good things."

How is the indirect duty fulfilled in traveling towards those who are not metaphorically but actually going the same road with us? Do we not establish ourselves in the most advantageous quarters obtainable, and because we have come first, fancy ourselves, some of us, entitled to be best served?

Those who enter the train subsequently and endanger our sovereign comfort meet but sour looks, cold welcome, whatever may be the evidence of need in face or appearance; appealing to our dormant sympathy not seldom quite in vain.

In places of so called amusement, how fare the indirect duties? We have come on purpose to enjoy ourselves, and to help others to do the same? Not many evenings since we were at a concert where the chairs were arranged with a mathematical regard to economy of space, but an unmathematical regard to the difference of the size of the bodies to be accommodated in that space. (A gross disregard of an indirect duty on the part of the managers of that concert, by the way.) So, inevitably the larger bodies overlapped the smaller ones.

When the enjoyment had lasted some little time, long enough for cramped limbs to torment the sensitive, we saw a pale little lady on our right put a timid toe on to the rung of the chair in front of her. Immediately its occupant, a lady also, glared round at the victim of tight packing, who withdrew the offending toe with a murmured apology.

Now, on our left, a lively lady, at the first note of the loud bassoon, with both feet placed comfortably on the rung of the chair before her, had kept time—her time, not the band's—to the performance, quite amazingly regardless of any annoyance she might, and did, inflict on those about her. The world might have gone better here, we venture to think, if the indirect duties had not been so neglected.

But it is not only at places of amusement that such things "can be, without our special wonder." Mark the reception of a stranger in some town as well as country churches. Are all anxious to welcome him—to cut short his period of embarrassment, of hesitation—to make him feel at home in the place of worship? We are afraid they are not.

And of all the bad blood ever bred between old acquaintance, the very blackest we have known was occasioned by the reseating of a certain parish church.

Then the man of wit, who, of course, must have a butt, who never hesitates between his jest and his friend, who gives a stab in the back with some anecdote of you that sets all your neighbors grinning, who wounds a feeling, rips up your self respect, knocks down your pride, and all with the happy indifference of a highwayman. We grant he requires some, much magnanimity, and so, if not virtuous himself, may be the cause of virtue in others.

Even the animal creation—as we animals are fond of calling the brutes—even they must indulge their vagaries of duty. We may pay his tax and feed and house him, pet and play with him, bid our friends "love me, love my dog;" but not always is his duty ours in return. Some one of our domestics "has given him medicines, it could not be else," and the rogue bestows in bountiful measure the duty, love, obedience which ought to be ours on the groom, to whom, perhaps, our own indirect duty is but ill performed, as is our favorite's to us.

There is a fine instance of an indirect duty, pointed out by Dr. Johnson, in the following extract from Boswell's Life, which illustrates our meaning better than any words of our own can do.

"To a lady who endeavored to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbors, by saying, "I would go to them, if it would do them any good," he said: "What good, madam, do you expect to have in your power to do them? It is showing them respect, and that is doing them good." To do to every one as you would wish them to do to you, is the fulfilling of all duties, direct or indirect; but this, as Sir Arthur Helps said, 'is a rule too well known to be regarded.'

NEXT only to the man who achieves the greatest and most blessed deeds is he who, perhaps himself wholly incapable of such high work, is yet the first to help and encourage the genius of others. We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.

THEY are the tears that fall into the new made grave that cement the power of the priest. For the cry of the soul that loves and loses is this, only this: "Bridge over death; bind the here with the hereafter; cause the mortal to robe itself in immortality; let me say of my dead that it is not dead. I will believe all else, bear all else, endure all else."

DO NOT judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other. Do not judge him by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family. Do not judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

SCEPTICISM which at first sight seems a disease of the mind, is in reality a disease of the heart. It originates either in the corruption of the political state, or in the degradation of the philosophical spirit.

THE truly learned are humble, and all, with Newton, bow down in profoundest worship before the great God, whose foot prints they discover and follow in every corner of the globe.

MANNERS are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe.

THERE are three things which the world can never take from me: the happiness of prayer, of suffering and of devotion. I can enjoy this happiness always and everywhere.

AT whatever period of life friendships are formed, so long as they continue sincere and affectionate they form undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy.

THERE is no tedium of solitude to him who has within himself resources of thought and dream, the pleasure and pain of memory, the bliss and torture of imagination.

LET us not dream that reason can be popular. Passions, emotions may be made popular, but reason remains ever the great property of the elect few.

LUCKY he who can bear his failure generously, and give up his broken sword to Fate, the Conqueror, with a manly and humble heart!

FEW have learned that a man is of no value except to God and other men Self would fain be worshipped instead of worshipping.

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

THERE are two kinds of pity; one is a balm, the other a poison. The first is realized by our friends, the other by our enemies.

HE who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool dissembling hypocrites of whom you should beware.

HE who esteems himself as naught is of much value; he who believes himself of much value is in reality worthless.

LIFE is a journey, and he who has the least of a burden to carry travels the fastest and most happily.

PRY not into your neighbor's affairs.

The World's Happenings.

The town of Addison, in Me., has 12 couples who have been married 50 years or over.

Officers in the German army are in future to be allowed only one glass of spirits before dinner.

A working philanthropist at Grass Valley, Cal., saws wood for poor women of that place free of charge.

David Cable, of Stanley, N. C., is the father of 32 children, of whom 14 boys and 11 girls are still living.

A young burglar, at Bangor, Me., after breaking into a house, contented himself with stealing some candy.

A Washington electrician is at work on some important improvements in the direction of electric cooking.

Mrs. Catharine Smitley, of Salt Creek township, Muskingum county, Ohio, is hale and hearty at the age of 102.

English stoats and weasels are being imported to Australia to kill the rabbits, and the rats are increasing enormously.

In the chain gang at Atlanta, Ga., are two colored lads, aged 11 and 12 years respectively, who are serving out sentences for theft.

One orange grower of San Diego keeps trees from being plucked of ripe fruit by putting up placards: "These oranges have been poisoned."

At Johnstown a Hungarian was thrown headlong from a fast freight train, and gathering himself up he started after the train to secure his dinner-pail.

A young man in Western New York, convicted of an attempt to shoot a young woman, has had his sentence suspended upon condition that he leave the State.

A lodge of the Pythian Sisterhood is being organized in Paterson, N. J., by the wives, widows, daughters, sisters and mothers of members of the order of Knights of Pythias.

A negro who attempted to rob a store at Palmetto, Ga., thought he would enter by way of the chimney. About half-way down he stuck fast, and yelled for some one to help him out.

The colored bell boys of the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, publish a paper called the "Black Herald." The paper is written in pencil, and gives a summary of the day's doings of the hotel employes.

About half of the electric clocks in Danbury, Conn., stopped on a recent morning. Investigation showed that the circuit had been destroyed by a man who cut off a piece of the wire to tie up his stove-pipe.

A smart little boy in Georgia, who was kicked by a mule, instead of saying naughty words or going home crying to his mother, tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him around to it and let him kick.

A man living in Iowa writes to the Secretary of the Interior as follows: "Is there any law to give the parents of triplets a piece of United States land? If so, I am entitled to it. We have had five born to us in 21 months."

It is estimated at the War Department that if any foreign Power should tackle this country of ours it could be confronted by the enormous total of 7,000,000 fighting men. Of course, it would take some little time to put that host into the field.

A new form of entertainment in Paris is to take your guests to a museum, hospital or other public institution, see the sights and talk about them. After they are fully charged with new information, you take them home and feed them.

An Indianapolis bookkeeper made some changes in figures to look suspicious, asked for and got a week's leave, and after the firm had published him as an embezzler he returned, proved that he was O. K. and got $5000 to poultice his wounded feelings with.

A little girl, 5 years old, has arrived in Paterson, N. J., having traveled by rail alone from Saginaw City, Mich. The child, at the request of her father, was shipped as express matter, with a tag about her neck giving her name and destination and also the key of her trunk.

An 11 year old negro boy was bitten by a rattlesnake near Tallahassee, Fla., a few days ago, and died from the effects of the poison. He ran his hand into a hollow log to catch a rabbit; the snake was coiled up inside, struck the hand with its poison fangs, and death soon followed.

The Czar's latest fad is to force all members of the imperial family to wear clothing of only Russian material, made up by only Russian hands. Both the Czar and Czarina have heretofore obtained their clothing from Paris, and her Majesty has had 20 French dressmakers constantly employed at St. Petersburg.

A real estate agent in New Haven, Conn., met with rather an odd accident. He was leaning over in his spring-back chair in his office. Suddenly some one entered and he resumed an upright sitting position, letting the chair seat down with a bang and catching his little finger between the seat and the iron, cutting it off.

The man who was forcibly ejected from a car in San Francisco after tendering in payment of his fare a five dollar gold piece, which the conductor refused to accept, has just recovered a big verdict against the company. The Supreme Court held that five dollars was not an unreasonable amount for the agents of a corporation to change.

The method of fixing the styles in hats is said to be this: The American Hat Manufacturers' Association meets in New York on the second Tuesday of January and August, and adopts the spring or fall style of silk hats. Every silk-hat maker present submits a style or design, and when all are submitted the association decides by ballot.

A remarkable case of return of sight in one eye is reported from Waterbury, Conn. The lucky person is a John McDonald, aged 74. He had been totally blind for 30 years, having been rendered so by sand unintentionally thrown in his eyes by a friend. He is unable to account for his now good fortune, and physicians are also in a quandary to provide an explanation.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY T. C.

Have pity, oh, have pity
On the poor to clothe and feed,
And always lend a helping hand
Where help is most in need.

One drop of water given
For the sake of Him on high,
Will never pass unnoticed
From His ever watchful eye.

For He loves the cheerful giver,
And will e'er increase the store
Of each just and righteous liver
Who is mindful of the poor.

A Young Man's Fancy

BY DENZIL VANE.

COLONEL METHUEN looking fresh, healthy, and spruce, walked across to the mess-room of his regiment, opening and reading as he went along two or three letters which had just come by the morning's post.

One of the three letters evidently displeased him, for his face clouded suddenly, and he uttered the exclamation, "Young fool!" under his breath.

The unwelcome epistle was from his favorite nephew Jack Hamilton, and it informed him of that youthful warrior's engagement to Miss Isabel Rayne, a young lady whose acquaintance he had made during his residence at Gorsehill Camp. Now, as Mr. Jack Hamilton had only borne Her Majesty's commission for the space of six months, and had not yet attained his twenty-first birthday, Colonel Methuen considered that his nephew had done a foolish thing.

Directly he entered the mess, he went straight into the ante-room and penned the following indignant expostulation.

"Remember, my dear Jack," he wrote, "that you are not yet of age; that you have nothing but your pay, and the small allowance I make you, and that a wife is an expensive luxury. I know nothing of the young lady to whom you have engaged yourself, but I presume, as you do not mention the subject, that Miss Rayne is not in the possession of any considerable means. Now, I ask you as a sensible man of the world—" the Colonel smiled as he wrote that—"whether you think that lasting happiness is likely to result from a marriage made in such haste—for you tell me that you only met the young lady a month ago—and based on no sure foundation of similarity of tastes and suitability of fortune." The Colonel flattered himself that this was a very neatly constructed and telling sentence. He pulled his long brown moustaches complacently as he read it over again. But feeling the impossibility of composing another of equal merit he relapsed into his usual curt and unadorned style, and thus briefly concluded his letter:

"I shall be down at Rivermouth in a day or two. We will have a smoke and talk over this business. Meanwhile I am,

"Your affectionate uncle,
"Henry Methuen."

Having folded and addressed the letter, the Colonel breakfasted, and then resumed the dull routine of Aldershot life.

When Jack Hamilton read his uncle's homily on the folly of his conduct, he frowned and looked obstinate, and then, as he pictured the Colonel in the agonies of literary composition—for the latter had often confessed that the task of letter-writing was hateful beyond everything to him—the young man's brows unbent, a smile lighted up his blue eyes and rippled over his lips in a hearty laugh.

"Dear old uncle Hal!" he thought as he re-read the letter, "what a lot of trouble you must have given yourself over this production! Coming from one of the simplest and least worldly of men, it is really exquisitely funny."

And the irreverent youth read aloud with mock solemnity that sentence on which the honest Colonel had so prided himself, and then burst out laughing.

"I must show it to Isabel," he said, as he pocketed the letter. Seizing his hat, he sauntered out of his hut and took the winding road which led from the Camp to Rivermouth.

On the Parade he met the young lady whom he had honored with his affection.

Miss Rayne was a tall, slender girl of perhaps three and four-and-twenty, with a pair of magnificent dark eyes, a pale complexion, and the smallest and daintiest hands and feet imaginable.

She was not beautiful in the strict sense of the word; some people, women especially, would have denied that she was even pretty.

But the fact is that she possessed something rarer than either beauty and prettiness, namely, charm. There was something wonderfully winning about this girl.

Whether it was the wistful sadness in her big eyes, or the expressive nobility of her irregular little features, or the grace of her willowy but somewhat meagre figure, that made her so attractive, it is impossible to say, but the fact remained that Isabel Rayne was as charming a girl as ever enslaved the heart of man or aroused the jealous envy of woman.

As she advanced to meet her fiance, even that frivolous and unimaginative young man watched her with wondering admiration.

"Uncle Hal won't preach about the folly of marrying a girl like that! 'Pon my word she's too good for me. She ought to marry a fellow who's made his name in the world, and that sort of thing; for, hang me, if she wouldn't grace any position. And I'm only a sub in a marching regiment; but I worship the ground she walks on, that I do, and I'll try and make her happy, poor girl, and——"

"How do you do, Jack?" said Miss Rayne interrupting his reflections. "I have just half an hour to give you, no more; Mrs Jaynson has granted me that amount of leave of absence."

Miss Rayne's voice was a sweet and mellow contralto, but there was a bitter reflection in her tones as she uttered the last few words.

Indeed, a latent cynicism existed in this young lady's character. Perhaps it is not wonderful that it was so, for the poor girl's lines had not fallen in very pleasant places. At seventeen she had been orphaned of both parents and thrown entirely on her own resources, no provisions whatever had been made for her by her spendthrift father.

For six years Isabel had learnt by experience how bitter the bread of dependence tastes, and how wearisome it is to climb other peoples stairs.

Perhaps a certain hauteur and reserve which characterised her caused some of the numerous vexations and humiliations which fell to her lot.

In the various situations she obtained, sometimes as governess, sometime as companion and "lady help," she met with little kindness from her employers, and the lonely life she led tended to increase rather than to lessen the natural reserve and pride of her disposition.

At three and twenty Isabel Rayne was at heart an unhappy, discontented woman, in spite of the grace and charm of manner that had survived all her vicissitudes.

But at three-and-twenty the veriest Timon has moments of exhilaration. As Isabel looked at the bright face of her young lover she smiled, and her heart went out to him in gratitude.

Like a fair-haired, gallant Perseus, he had come to save her from the grim monster Poverty, which threatened to devour her—the poor little Andromeda of Mrs. Jaynson's dull school-room.

"Oh, Jack—how glad I am to see you!" she said impulsively. "It is to sweet to be loved!"

And here Andromeda gave both her hands to her boy—Perseus, and tears, real warm tears of emotion welled up in her big dark eyes.

"That—that woman has been behaving badly to you, my darling; I know she has!" cried Perseus indignantly, and he drew one of her small hands through his arm and led her off towards a quiet corner of the beach; "you looked wretched when I met you. When we are married Isa, you shall never look like that.

"Oh, Jack, who can tell?" said Miss Rayne, with a sigh. "Sometimes I think that I was born to be unhappy. Perhaps you and I are not fated to marry; your uncle may not like me—and—and you know you must not offend him—after all he has done for you, it would be so ungrateful."

Jack was guiltily conscious of the letter in his pocket, and though he had come out with the intention of showing it to his betrothed, he reflected that it would be wiser to wait a more favorable opportunity.

Isabel was a creature of many moods. Just when Melancholy claimed her for his own, and he wished to dispute that supremacy.

So he hastily turned the conversation into other channels, and forgot even to mention that his uncle was about to visit Rivermouth.

Before Miss Rayne's half-hour leave of absence had expired, Jack's persevering efforts to dispel her sadness were rewarded with some measure of success; she parted from him with one of her bright smiles, and Jack walked back into Camp more in love with her than ever.

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Two days later Colonel Methuen left Aldershot and travelled down to Rivermouth. It was early in the afternoon when he reached that primitive little coast town, where a staring Grand Hotel had recently been erected by an enterprising company.

Having engaged a room in this ugly caravansary, and ascertained that the table d'hote dinner would not be served until eight o'clock, the Colonel took the road to the camp.

Fifteen years ago, when he himself had been quartered at Gorsehill, this road had been very familiar to him. Then he had been a handsome young man of five and twenty; now he was a sober, though still good-looking, man of forty.

The fifteen years that had sped since he last looked on that distant line of chalk hills on that gorse-covered plateau, whereon the well-remembered wooden huts stood in long lines under the glowing rays of the August sun, had been full of varied experiences of life—brief spells of hard fighting and privation, with long and wearisome intervals of dull routine in distant Indian cities, sweltering under blazing Eastern suns, where fever stalked abroad under the cruel blue skies that were as brass above their heads in the torrid days and breathless nights of the terrible "hot weather," of the plains of Hindostan.

The Colonel looked grave as he tramped along the dusty road; but he was not thinking of either phase of existence—the active or the comparatively passive side of a soldier's life.

He was thinking of a certain love-episode of his youth, which had occurred in this very neighborhood fifteen years ago. The lady of his love had proved unworthy, having jilted him and married one Jonas Stubbs, a wealthy merchant on the wrong side of fifty.

It was with a certain pity for himself that the Colonel recalled this long past sorrow of his early manhood. His faithless Dulcinea had inflicted a deep wound on his heart, but Time had healed it, and now but a faint scar remained behind.

He had loved no woman since, and he was now, at forty, as confirmed a bachelor as any in the three kingdoms.

The Colonel flattered himself that those fifteen years which had sped since he last set eyes on Gorsehill Camp had taught him much worldly wisdom, and he was resolved that his only sister's only child should profit by it.

The boy should not be inveigled into a marriage with some passee flirt, some veteran garrison hack! Early marriages were a mistake, but unequal matches were fatal.

Now, the Colonel was morally certain, though Jack had not mentioned the fact, that Miss Rayne was older than her fiance.

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart."

The Colonel was a reverent student of his Shakspeare, and he had repeated these lines aloud as he climbed a stile, which led by a short cut across the fields, to the Camp.

Just then he heard a loud cry, in a piercing, childish voice, followed by a chorus of juvenile lamentations rising shrilly above the full, soft tones of a woman's voice,

These alarming sounds proceeded from a small spinny of saplings and brushwood, within a stone's throw of the path along which he was wending.

To run across the field and clear the hedge which separated the field from the spinny was, for the Colonel, the work of a minute.

"What has happened? Can I be of any assistance? He called out as he came in sight of a group of children, clinging to the skirts of a slim young woman dressed in white, who was bending over the form of a robust girl of twelve, screaming with all the force of a healthy pair of lungs.

At the sound of the Colonel's voice the young woman turned towards him a pale and frightened face, and said, in tones raised somewhat in order to dominate the child's cries:

"The little girl caught her foot in a rabbit hole, and I fear she has sprained her ankle. I can't lift her—the other children are too frightened to be of any use,"

"Allow me," said the Colonel, lifting his hat. Happily unconscious of the comic side of the incident, he knelt down, took out his pen-knife, and cut the boot and stocking of the little girl's foot.

"Come, my woman," he said kindly, "I don't think there's much the matter. No bones broken, only a little bruise and sprain."

"She is more frightened than hurt. I think," put in the young lady. "Come, Maria, don't cry; you are alarming your sisters."

Thus adjourned and startled into self-forgetfulness by the sudden appearance of a big, brown moustached man, Maria subued her cries to a whimpering monotone.

"You must carry me home; I can't walk," she said impassionately to her governess.

"I'll carry you home," said the Colonel good-naturedly; "you are too heavy for this young lady——"

"She isn't a young lady, she's our governess," interrupted the child staring.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," said the individual designated, coloring painfully, "but I really fear I could not carry her so far. It must be nearly three miles to Laburnham House.

"You must show me the way and console these little people," he said, smiling at the five children, whose cries had ceased, but who still sniffed disconsolately.

"Poor girl," thought the Colonel, as he looked at he governess's weary face, "she looks worried to death by these awful children."

He lifted Maria (no light weight, for she was well-grown and stout for her age) in his arms, and, being naturally fond of children, like most big and kind-hearted men he managed to bring her into a more amiable frame of mind.

The governess, around whose large dark eyes faint violet circles began to show, plodded on at his side with the five children clinging round her.

The poor girl looked completely unnerved, for Maria's shrieks had led her to fear that some terrible accident had happened, and the hot sun and the cries of the children had given her a racking headache.

"Do take my arm, you look so tired," said the Colonel kindly, "Miss—Miss——"

"Rayne," said the governess abruptly, as he paused.

* * * * * *

When Mrs. Jaynson heard of Colonel Methuen's politeness in carrying home her darling Maria—whose sprained ankle, by-the-by, was completely cured by an arnica bandage and a night's rest—she felt obliged to send her husband to the Grand Hotel to thank him in person.

Mr. Jaynson, a meek, apologetic-looking little man, with weak sandy hair and freckled face, was much impressed by the Colonel's manly presence and politeness.

"I'm glad to hear that the little girl is not seriously hurt," said the latter. "I hope that Miss—Miss Rayne has recovered also. She—she looks very delicate," he added awkwardly.

"I believe she is quite well. I have heard nothing to the contrary," replied Mr. Jaynson carelessly. "I don't, of course, see much of her."

"Poor girl," thought the Colonel. "This underbred fellow speaks of her as if she were made of different clay to himself—and so she is; by Jove; so she is. But she is the china and he the common delf."

When the Colonel and his nephew met next morning, the argument against the latter's engagement, which the former had came down to Rivermouth on purpose to advance, had somehow lost much of their vigor and point.

"She is older than you are, you say, Jack," said the Colonel, rather lamely.

"Two years—but what of that?"

"And she has no money," feebly objected the other.

"Surely, uncle, you of all men would't have me marry for money!"

The Colonel winced.

"You are too young to marry, Jack," he said at length. "How can you know your own mind at your age. Why, my boy, I don't mind owning that when I was a young fellow of five and-twenty I was in love with a girl who—who proved to be quite unworthy of an honest man's affection—and——"

"You don't mean to insinuate that Miss Rayne is not worthy of my love," burst out the impulsive Jack. (The Colonel had narrated his adventure of the previous evening, and the young man had drawn a most hopeful augury from the way in which his uncle had spoken of Miss Rayne.) "I thought you admired and pitied my poor Isabel."

"So I do," declared the Colonel, the color mounting under the sunburn on his cheeks. "She is—a nice, lady-like girl—and all that, but are you sure that your love for her will last?" he went on earnestly. "Remember, Jack, that a woman's happiness in married life depends——"

"Why, uncle, it strikes me that you are more anxious about Isabel's happiness than about my own. I thought that you were considering the subject purely from my point of view."

"So I am," said the colonel, reddening again; at least—that is—the happiness of one ensures, in a measure, the happiness of the other," he finished sententiously.

Here Jack burst out laughing, and begged his uncle to call on the Ogre, as he disrespectfully called Mrs. Jaynson, and intimate to that excellent lady that he, Colonel Methuen, stood in loco parentis to the gentleman who was engaged to her governess, and at the same time request permission to take Miss Rayne for a drive to Clarewood Castle that evening.

"She never lets Isabel out for more than half an hour at a time," concluded the young man, "and it's dreadfully slow work dodging about the lanes on the chance of meeting her when she is out walking with the children."

"So you wish me to be your ambassador, eh?" remarked the Colonel, with a sudden spark of anger in his grey eyes. "Upon my word, sir, you're a cool hand. Haven't I said that I strongly disapprove of your engagement to Miss Rayne?"

"Come, uncle, you have admitted that she is a charming girl——"

"I never said so," retorted the older man sharply.

"You hinted it, then," said Mr. Jack drily.

The discussion ended in a victory for young Hamilton. That afternoon the Colonel, called on Mrs. Jaynson, asked, and, for a wonder, obtained permission for Miss Rayne to go for a drive that evening with himself and his nephew.

"If Mr. Hamilton's relations countenance his engagement to my governess, I cannot, of course, oppose it," remarked the Ogre frigidly, "but you must permit me to say that I have not a high opinion of Miss Rayne."

"Indeed, madam, and why is that?" asked the Colonel irritably.

"I consider her unprincipled and deceitful—and—and forward. I understand that she made Mr. Hamilton's acquaintance on the beach—and that they were not formally introduced to each other."

"Miss Rayne's father was an intimate friend and brother officer of my late brother-in-law, so my nephew tells me," retorted the Colonel.

"Indeed?"

There was a world of suggestion in the tone in which Mrs. Jaynson uttered that doubting word. The Colonel, however, thought it best to ignore the lady's remark, so politely bowed himself out of the Ogre's drawing-room, promising to call at half-past five o'clock for Miss Rayne.

Half an hour before the time appointed, the Colonel received a hurried note from his nephew, which ran thus:—

* * * * * * *

"So sorry. Throgmorton has been called away to see his father, who is dangerously ill. I've promised to be on guard to-night in his place. Take Isabel to Clarewood Castle all the same. The poor girl doesn't often get an outing, and you'll have the opportunity of improving the acquaintance of your niece that-is-to-be.

"Yours ever,
"Jack."

As the Colonel read this characteristic epistle, he pulled his moustache vigorously, then took two or three rapid strides up and down the room.

There was a look of hesitation on his honest face, an expression of sadness and tenderness in his frank grey eyes.

"Shall I take him at his word?" he muttered. "Why shouldn't I? The poor girl will be moped to death in that dreary school room at Laburnham House. The drive to Clarewood Castle will do her good, and, as Jack says, I shall have the opportunity of studying her character."

And so the Colonel hired a phaeton, and drove off in solitary state to the Jaynsons' house.

Isabel, looking unusually bright in a pretty summer gown and becoming Gainsborough hat, appeared on the doorstep as the carriage stopped at the door. The Colonel watched her face curiously as he told her that Jack would not be able to accompany them that afternoon. In truth she did not seem very disappointed.

With his assistance she mounted to the box seat, and they were soon bowling gaily through the pleasant green lanes towards Clarewood Castle.

Miss Rayne's spirits rose; a delicate color came into her pale cheeks; her great eyes sparkled under their long lashes; her sweet, girlish laughter rippled pleasantly over her rosy lips.

The Colonel exerted himself to amuse her; he told her stories of regimental life at home and abroad; and then, seeing that graver subjects interested her; he narrated some of his own experiences of a soldier's life. And Desdemona herself could not have made a better listener than Isabel.

The time passed so pleasantly that both occupants of the phaeton were surprised when Clarewood Castle was reached.

Save when the Colonel made excuses for his nephew's non-appearance, Jack's name had not been mentioned between them; but later on, when they had conscientiously "done" the picturesque ruins and were standing together on the battlemented tower watching the sun set in splendor over the distant hill, Isabel herself brought up the subject of her engagement.

"Tell me frankly, Colonel Methuen," she said blushing and drooping her eyes, "were you not very angry when you heard that Ja——Mr. Hamilton was engaged to be married to a poor governess?"

The Colonel turned scarlet.

"I—I was sorry certainly," he said at last, "because he—is so young—and—Miss Rayne," he added, suddenly fixing his truthful grey eyes on her downcast face; "will you be quite frank with me and will you pardon my frankness? Why did you engage yourself to my nephew? You do not love him."

"I—I—was so wretched, so lonely, and—and I think he cares for me," she said in a low voice. "Oh, Colonel Methuen, I must be a cold, calculating, heartless creature in your eyes," she went on with sudden passion. "But if you knew what my life has been for the last six years, you would, at least pity me. At this moment I have not a friend in the world—except Jack!"

"Will you not let me be your friend?" said the Colonel in deep tremulous tones.

He took her unresisting hand and held it firmly in his.

Isabel looked up and their eyes met. A deep, crimson blush suddenly dyed her pale cheeks, then a quiver of emotion passed over her face, leaving it deadly white.

With a frightened look she drew her hand away.

The Colonel too had turned pale; he drew a deep breath, almost a sob; his heart beat so fast and loud that he felt choked.

"Let us go home," said Isabel in a whisper; "it—it is getting late, and I am tired—and cold." She shivered as she rose and moved slowly towards the dark stone staircase which led down into the tower.

In almost total silence they drove back to Rivermouth. Some strange spell seemed to have fallen on them.

The Colonel now and again ventured to steal a glance at the pale face under the sweeping curve of the Gainsborough hat.

He could only see the dim outline of her features against the dark background of sky; they looked set and stern, like those of a woman who has made up her mind to some decisive act.

At Mrs. Jaynson's door they parted with a slight handshake and a coldly uttered "good-night." Isabel looked like an animated marble statue as she entered the house and walked straight up to her own room.

But, when the door was locked, she tore off her hat and, throwing herself down on her knees by the bedside, buried her face in her hands and burst into a passion of tears and sobs.

* * * * * * *

Next morning Jack received a note which made him first look incredulous and then burst out into an exclamation of rage.

"This is the Colonel's doing," he muttered; and with the letter in his hand he strode off towards Rivermouth. In less than half an hour he was in the coffee room of the Grand Hotel, where Colonel Methuen, looking worn and heavy-eyed, sat at luncheon.

"Come outside, sir, I want to speak to you," he said in a harsh voice. "This morning, I had this note from Isabel," he added, when they were outside in the hotel garden. "Read it."

With shaking hands the Colonel took the letter; it ran as follows,

"DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—I cannot marry you, for I do not love you. I should only make you wretched. Do not try to find me. I am leaving Laburnham House in an hour's time.—Good-bye.

"ISABEL."

"Is this your doing, sir?" asked Jack sternly as he took back the note. But the Colonel made no answer. He seemed dazed. Jack looked at him angrily for a moment, and then turned on his heel and took the road to Laburnham House. In a moment the Colonel overtook him.

"This is my affair," he said curtly. "I will find Miss Rayne."

At Laburnham House the two men learnt that Isabel had left Rivermouth by the first train that morning, and that she had taken a ticket to Charing Cross.

"As I told you before, Colonel," said Mrs. Jaynson, from whom they learned these particulars, "I have never had a good opinion of Miss Rayne. The manner in which she left me proves the justice of the views regarding her." Mrs. Jaynson did not inform them that the governess agreed to forfeit her last quarter's salary in lieu of the regular "notice."

The Colonel and his nephew travelled up to town that afternoon and at once began a search for the missing girl. But days passed and weeks lengthened into months, and the mystery of her disappearance was a mystery still.

In the autumn Jack's regiment was ordered out to India, and on board the troop ship which took him out he met a young lady as charming and ever so much younger than his lost Isabel.

Before Bombay was reached Jack Hamilton was over head and ears in love with his new goddess.

But the Colonel, in whose brown moustaches a few grey hairs began to appear, still kept up the search for Miss Rayne.

One bitter March evening he was walking across the Park on his way from calling on the wife of an old brother-officer living in Westbourne Terrace. It was already dusk, and few people were about. Near the north end of the Serpentine he saw a woman sitting on a bench close to the water.

Her veil was down, but something about the woman interested him.

He stopped a few paces off and watched her curiously, his pulses quickening as he did so.

For some minutes the woman sat immovable; then rising suddenly she cast a rapid glance around, slipped off her shawl, and moved towards the water. In an instant he divined her terrible purpose.

With a hoarse cry he dashed forward and clutched her round the waist. She struggled desperately in his arms, and her bonnet and veil fell off, and in the dim twilight a thin, haggard face and a pair of wild, dark eyes looked up at him.

"Isabel! Isabel! Oh, thank God, I have found you at last!"

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The story she had to tell made the Colonel shudder. Ever since she left Rivermouth her life had been one long struggle with poverty.

At first she maintained herself by teaching, but somehow her pupils fell off, and as the winter came on her health failed, and the trifling sums she was able to earn by her needle were insufficient to provide her with wholesome food.

For some weeks she had been unable to get any sort of work, and that March evening when the Colonel found her she was desperate, and had resolved to end her miseries by death.

"And why did you hide from me so long?" he asked a week later. They were sitting in Mrs. Trollope's drawing-room in Westbourne Terrace; that good-natured lady, having heard the whole story from the Colonel's lips insisted on Miss Rayne's acceptance of her hospitality until the poor girl's health was thoroughly re-established.

"Why did you hide from me so long, Isabel?" repeated the Colonel, taking her thin white hand in his, and looking in her wasted face with such love and tenderness that the tears sprang into her eyes.

"Because—because I thought you despised me. Do you remember the evening on the tower? I felt that I should die of shame, for you thought me a heartless coquette for entrapping a boy like Jack. And I knew then I would rather beg my bread than marry him!"

"And so you nearly broke my heart; see, these are grey hairs in my head. As for Jack, I had a letter this morning telling me that he was engaged to be married to a Miss Graysome, daughter of Major-General Graysome, whom he met on board the "Euphrates." And now, my darling, will you let me try and make you happy, for I love you? I loved you, I think, the very first time I saw you."

"And I you," whispered the girl softly.

A Cup of Tea.

BY F. S. W.

I NEVER knew anything so unfortunate!" cried Mrs. Smithby, her plump, rosy face now crimson with vexation, her eyes filling with tears that she dashed angrily away. "Things always go contrary with me. I hope I am as good a Christian as the wife of the rector of Thorpeslea ought to be, and I wouldn't say this to anyone but you, Mr. Allingham," she nodded at the tall, thin gentlemanly young man who was listening sympathetically to her complaints "but I do feel it hard—very hard—that the rector should be seized with one of his old attacks just now."

"Is Mr. Smithby worse than usual?" queried Mr. Smithby's curate. "I thought you said yesterday——"

"That the attack was passing off? Yes, and so it was, but he would eat—that is, he didn't obey the doctor's injunctions, and the result is a relapse."

"But not a dangerous one, I hope?" and Lance Allingham spoke with much cordiality, for though he was overworked at Thorpeslea, and as ill paid as curate's often are, he had learned to like the jolly, generous, self-indulgent old gentleman who made him free of his excellent library, and treated him courteously and kindly on all points save that of increasing his salary.

"No; Mr. Smithby is out of danger now," answered the lady with a sigh of weariness, "but all night long; and until an hour ago, he was in agony, and I was not able to leave his side for a minute. Was that his bell? I must hurry back. But just imagine what a predicament his illness has put me in! I am expecting by the train due now my distant relation Miss Dalston—you have heard me speak of her?—of San Francisco, and Lady Harrington, with whom she has travelled to England; and it worries me dreadfully to think that they should find the house in disorder, their rooms not ready, the rector in the doctor's hands, and me half dead with worry and fatigue!"

Yes, Lance Allingham had heard but too often of Mrs. Smithby's distant—very distant—kinsfolk the Dalstons. He knew by constant reiteration that at Mr. Dalston's death, which took place a year ago, his immense Californian property was divided between his son and daughter, the young lady's share amounting to so large a sum that the curate secretly believed Mrs. Smithby must have exaggerated it.

He also knew that as soon as it was rumored that the young heiress expressed a wish to come to England, and make the acquaintance of her deceased mother's relations, Mrs. Smithby had sent her a pressing invitation.

Neither could he shut his eyes to the fact that Miss Dalston's would-be hostess began to build castles in the air as soon as the invitation was accepted.

The Reverend Josiah and Mrs. Smithby had one son, who was alternately their delight and torment. Thoughtless and extravagant, handsome and merry, everyone liked Tom Smithby, though his best friends sighed over his wasted abilities.

"Nothing would steady him like marriage," Mrs Smithby averred; and she dreamed dreams of seeing him lead to the altar the heiress of many thousands, that her dear Tom's purse never need be empty again.

But, as usual, Tom was not at home when his presence would have been a real assistance to his mother, who clasped her hands together with an exclamation of dismay as she caught sight through the open door of a fly, piled with luggage, coming from the direction of the railway station.

"There they are! Lady Harrington and Miss Dalston, and a maid or two, no doubt, nothing ready for them. Dear, dear, what shall I do?"

"Can I be of any use to you?" asked Mr. Allingham again.

The question reminded Mrs. Smithby of what, in her distress, she had forgotten.

"How came it to slip my memory?" she ejaculated. "The rector is very anxious about the sermon he promised to preach next Sunday at the church parade of the benefit societies. He bade me tell you his notes are on his study-table, and he will feel immensely obliged if you will make a fair copy of them, and extend and annotate them to the best of your ability."

Lance Allingham did not care for his task. Besides, he could not help knowing that the people of Thorpeslea would rather listen to his earnest, practical comments on some favorite text, than to be sent to sleep with one of the rector's weighty, prosy discourses. But, then, how decline to oblige his clerical superior?

Moreover, Mr. Smithby's caligraphy was execrable, and took time to decipher.

His curate on whom the whole work of the parish devolved, had been too busy to go home to his lodgings at lunch time, and was beginning to feel cravings for his early dinner his landladys had promised to have ready for him at five o'clock. It wanted but twenty minutes to that hour, when the work of writing Mr. Smithby's sermon was thrust upon him.

He was just going to propose that he should be allowed to take the notes away and transcribe them at his leisure, when Mrs. Smithby caught hold of his arm.

"Don't leave me! Where can Tom be? You must help me to receive Lady Harrington, and then you can explain to her how I am situated, while I make acquaintance with my young cousin. I could have managed very well if Tom had been here. I have telegraphed for him, but——"

She paused for the fly was at the door, but its only occupant proved to be a young woman as plain in attire as she was in features.

A sallow, sickly-looking girl in a dowdy cap and travel-stained ulster, under which she wore a gown of quaker-gray, unrelieved by trimming or ornaments of any description.

"Who is this?" gasped Mrs. Smithby. "Oh, I see, it is one of the maids sent on with the luggage."

And taking her hand out of Mr. Allingham's arm, she went a step or two to meet the new-comer, who came up the steps with a cage of love birds, dangling from her finger, and a King Charles spaniel in her arms, reposing on the heap of wraps, of which Mr. Allingham quietly relieved her.

"You are Lady Harrington's maid, I suppose," said brisk Mrs. Smithby. "Come in! come in! Is your lady far behind? and Miss Dalston, how has she borne the journey?

"I have a message for you from Lady Harrington," the girl replied, a tinge of color creeping into her pale cheeks. "She had started for Thorpeslea, when at the first stopping place, a telegram recalled her to town. She had not time to write, as she had to return immediately to give her evidence in some lawsuit; but I am bidden to express her regrets, and hopes that in a day or two at farthest she shall be set free, when she will come here directly."

"Gone back to London and taken Miss Dalston with her of course. Do you hear this, Mr. Allingham? Really it is a great relief to me. To have guests in the house, and especially such guests while Mr. Smithby is so ill, would have worried me to death. In a day or two he will be all right again, and then——"

She said no more, for Mr. Allingham touched her shoulder, and drew her attention to the girl who was leaning against a chair and looked as if she would faint.

"I am tired, that is all," she contrived to falter. "We had a rough passage, and—I will go to the nearest hotel.

But Mrs. Smithby was too hospitable, as well as too polite to permit this.

"Indeed, my good girl, you shall do no such thing, and stay where you are until your mistress and Miss Dalston arrive. I am a bad sailor myself and can pity you. The servants shall make you as comfortable as they can; but where they are, or which one of them can be spared to look after you I am sure I don't know."

A moment of perplexity, and then the curate was appealed to.

"Do take this poor thing into the study; there is a fire there, and she will not be in your way while you are writing. I must go back to the rector; but will contrive to send her some tea shortly."

Away bustled Mrs. Smithby; and Lance half-amused, half-annoyed at the duties that had been thrust upon him, picked up the spaniel now frisking about his feet, and opening the door of the study, invited the girl to follow him.

He saw that she was shivering with fatigue and exhaustion, and rousing the smouldering coals into a blaze, he wheeled the rector's arm chair close to the hearth, made her seat herself in it, and stood over her till she had swallowed a couple of biscuits dipped in the port wine kept in a small cupboard for the refreshing of the rector's inner man as often as his studies proved too much for him.

Then Lance Allingham set to work

steadily at the blurred, illegible notes, glancing up occasionally to satisfy himself that his charge was progressing favorably.

Now that the sickly hue of her features was replaced by a more healthy tinge, she was not so positively ugly as he had first considered her.

Beautiful she never could be, but she had a well-shaped mouth and chin, and the dark eyes he sometime found scrutinizing him closely were large, keen, and intelligent.

An hour elapsed before the parlor-maid brought in a tray, and an apology from the cook, who didn't know it was for Mr. Allingham, or she would have sent it up sooner.

The curate knit his brows; but as soon as Marainne flounced out of the room, the girl laughed a low musical laugh.

"Mrs. Smithby's servants do not approve my being made a parlor guest, I suppose, and this is intended as a reminder that my place is the housekeeper's room or the kitchen. But I am not going to resent it by refusing what they have brought. May I offer you a cup of tea, Mr. Allingham, or will you be generous and give me one? I am very thirsty."

The curate thought of his long-deferred dinner, and concluded that he should be justified in sharing the scraps of cold meat and stale jam tarts that accompanied the tea equipage.

His companion was reviving, she came to the table and did the honors as a matter of course, with a lady-like self-possession that prevented any awkwardness on either side. She could not eat, but sat sipping her tea and speaking rarely, till her eye fell upon an engraving on the wall, when she uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"It is Lake Thun! Lady Harrington has a chalet there, and we only left it for Paris a week ago. Have you been to Switzerland, Mr. Allingham?"

"Once, soon after leaving college," he replied. "The glory of the sunsets among the mountains and the solemnity of the early mornings linger on my memory still."

Then they compared notes, and the conversation flowed on pleasantly. Whatever might be her position in Lady Harrington's menage, this young stranger was well read and the remarks on the places she had visited were so original, and often witty, that the sermon lay unheeded till the door was thrown open with a bang—and enter the rector's son.

"Ha! Allingham, they told me I should find you here. What's the matter with the governor? Only the gout as usual, is it."

"Mr. Smithby has been very ill this time."

"Yes, but he's better," retorted Tom, who was not in his customary good-humor.

"And so there could have been no necessity for wiring for me. I was having such a jolly time of it at Sir Aston's."

"Don't you think your mother needed the comfort of your presence?" he was gravely asked.

"Bah! she had you at her elbow, and you are worth a dozen of my scattered brained self. I was only sent for to court the heiress, which I would have done with pleasure, for I am quite out at elbows ——"

"Do you not see," cried the curate, contriving at last to stop him, "do you not see that we are not alone?"

"Hum! Ha! Oh! oh my lady's maid, isn't it? How do, my dear? You never repeat what you overhear, do you? Parlez Francais, Allingham, I shall go back to Sir Aston's," he added, in the language of our Gallic neighbors, "till Miss Moneybags arrives. Can you lend me a few sous? Do, there's a good fellow!"

"Have you yet to learn," exclaimed the curate, who was an excellent linguist, "that the poor of your father's parish have every halfpenny I can spare from my salary?"

"Then it's a shame the pastor don't raise it,' said Tom, warmly. "Fancy screwing a man down to such paltry wages that he cannot oblige a friend with a loan! I'm quite sorry for you pon honor I am."

"And I," responded Mr. Allingham, "am more sorry for you than for myself."

"Don't preach, if you love me," cried reckless Tom, with a grimace. "Ta, ta! you will see me again as soon as the maiden fair and wealthy turns up."

Away went Smithby junior, and the vexed curate returned to his desk, but he could not resist glancing at his silent companion, who was now gathering her wraps together preparatory to retiring to the attic, which Marainne had not very courteously apprised her was ready for her.

Her eyes met Mr. Allingham's and there was a faint ripple of a smile playing about her lips as she spoke.

"Mr. Tom Smithby is very frank in his revelations. Perhaps I ought to have warned him that I can understand French."

"It would have been only fair to both of us," said the curate, so seriously that she reddened.

"True; but there is a certain awkwardness in proclaiming oneself to be the Miss Moneybags of a young man's observations."

Lance Allingham started up.

"It is impossible that you are—"

"Hillian Dalston?" she said, tranquilly. "Yes; and why not? Because I have not come with beat of drum, but in borrowed—no, I cannot say plumes," and she laughed as she surveyed herself—"but in clothes that do not belong to me?"

"You look mystified," Miss Dalston went on to say, as she saw the curate's perplexity, "so let me explain. When my friend Lady Harrington found herself obliged to go back to London, it was decided that I should continue my journey. Soon after quitting the railway station over yonder, the man who drove me shouted a warning to a girl who was sitting with a baby in her arms, on the parapet of a bridge we had to cross. Imagine my horror when, as she scrambled down, she let go the infant, and it rolled over and into the stream below. My own clothes became so wet and muddy in helping to rescue the little creature,"—the curate had learned on the following day that Hillian Dalston had sprung out of the fly and boldly sprung into the swift stream that was bearing the child away—"I was so wet and muddy, that I thankfully accepted the loan of some dry garments from a cottager, till I could unpack my own."

"I will fetch Mrs. Smithby; she ought to know——"

"That she made a mistake in accosting me as Lady Harrington's maid? It was a very natural one, and I prefer to let her continue in it till to-morrow. Did I not hear her say that it would worry her dreadfully if she had to entertain visitors while her husband is so ill?"

The curate looked doubtful.

"She would be very much displeased with me if I permitted you to be snubbed and neglected, and relegated to a back attic."

"But if I wish it?" asked Miss Dalston, with an imperious gesture. "Be satisfied, Mr. Allingham, I will take care that no blame rests on you. An heiress, as perhaps you are aware, is generally permitted a silence not accorded to more unfortunate women."

She offered him her hand, as she added, demurely.

"When you come here to-morrow to finish deciphering those hieroglyphics you may find me open to conviction, but till then you must agree to let me have my own way."

* * * * * * * * *

As the curate walked to his lodgings he decided that it would be more honorable as more prudent to keep away from the rectory till Miss Dalston had proclaimed her identity; but that determination was not allowed to prevent his speaking to her when he found her wandering about the churchyard after early service; nor did he think it would be wrong to offer to show her the best route through some lovely woods she expressed her intention of exploring.

What an intelligent companion she proved herself! How merry!—how unaffected! Would Tom Smithby throw aside his many bad habits, and endeavor to become worthy of such a jewel?

The curate sighed, and blamed himself for letting his thoughts dwell on a subject that did not concern him; and when a message from Mrs. Smithby reminded him of the unfinished sermon, he was careful to go straight to the study as soon as he arrived at the rectory.

Was it his fault that, just as he was writing the last line, Hillian Dalston came into the room to search for a book?

Certainly that search, in which he assisted her, need not have lasted for nearly an hour, nor was there any occasion for such new acquaintances to become strangely confidential; Lance speaking of his earlier days, when his parents were in easy circumstances and the series of troubles that ended in death for them and poverty for their son; while Hillian talked just as tenderly of the dear, good father she had lost a year ago, and the California home in which her brother's bride now reigned queen and mistress.

"They would have had me stay with them," she went on to say, "but I had grown restless, and longed to see the land where my father was born. By the way, Lady Harrington will be here to-morrow; she is a dear, kind creature; I hope you will like her, Mr. Allingham."

"I am glad to hear she is expected so soon. It will put an end to a—concealment shall I call it?—which troubles me."

Hillian Dalston laughed her merry laugh.

"It has been great fun to have a peep at the other side of the shield. Forewarned, as you are aware, Mr. Allingham, is forearmed, and now I know in what sort of a light Mr. Tom Smithby regards the girl on whom his parents have pressed their invitations so urgently, I am not likely to fall a victim to his fascinations, or his debts."

But though Hillian Dalston spoke so ironically, the next time the curate met her she was riding with Tom, and in such earnest conversation with him that Lance Allingham was in danger of being overlooked.

Although the heiress checked her horse and apologized very prettily, the curate went home to his lodgings heavy hearted. He avoided the rectory, but could not help hearing that Lady Harrington was there and the Smithbys—the rector was about again—were vieing with each other in attentions to their wealthy kinswoman.

But he could not decline an invitation to dine at the rectory, nor resist the spell of Hillian's smile when she beckoned him to a seat beside her in the drawing-room.

"I am going to London with my lady to-morrow," she said, "but I hope I shall revisit Thorpeslea at some future time. Tom and I quite understand each other now," she added, "and he is going out to California to learn farming under my brother."

Lance Allingham's very lips grew white with pain

"Then I am expected to congratulate you, Miss Dalston," he said, as soon as he could speak.

"On what?" she demanded. "On putting a young fellow who was ruining himself for want of something to do in the way of earning a competency? You did not imagine that I was going to marry him? No, Mr. Allingham; if I ever do wed, it shall be with a man I can respect. One who will help me to spend my dearest father's bequest in doing good to my fellow-creatures."

* * * * * * *

Lady Harrington carried off the heiress to give her a peep at English society, and a few weeks after their departure, Lance Allingham also made a hurried journey to London, for, to his intense surprise, he found himself appointed to an excellent living on the outskirts of a busy manufacturing town.

The patron of the living was Lord Harrington, and it was to Hillian Dalston he owed the preferment.

She did not attempt to deny it when he gained admission to her presence, and blushing and trembling not a little, she rose from her writing-table to greet him.

He intended to thank her gratefully, but not to forget that she was the mistress of thousands, and he still only a hard-working clergyman, but somehow he forgot all scruples when Hillian's hands fluttered in his clasp and her eyes met his.

The next moment she was in his arms. She had found her fate, and he had won a heart worth having over that cup of tea in the rector's study. The heiress was a woman of discernment, and Lance Allingham a fortunate man.

REMEMBLED A BATTLEFIELD.—A new rule in a late paper says: It was related recently how the extraordinary bargains in two retail dry goods stores a few days ago affected the feminine part of the community in a destruction of clothing and the causing of a succession of nervous attacks among those women who were rash enough to get into the crowd.

The day after the bargain day referred to a rival store advertised that it might be well to "look out for fun" in a certain dry goods centre that afternoon, whereupon the shop which had just got through its experience of famishing women at once did up woollen challies in pieces of thirty five yards each and directed that these bundles should be sold across the counter at 1 cent each.

If the scenes of the preceding day were remarkable the result of this bold bid for custom was doubly so. One of the floor walkers, in speaking of the scene after the bargains had been exhausted, said: "The store looked like a battlefield after a preliminary skirmish. In my vicinity there were twenty women, all of whom had fainted from their struggle to secure a part of the allotment of challies.

"They were laid out carefully upon the rugs which had been taken from stock for their accommodation, each one with a clerk bending over her administering smelling salts or bathing her head with cologne, working like beavers in order to get their patients around in time for closing the store. I suppose that the sacrifice of dress goods cost the store upwards of $2000, but it gained this:

"For months the women who succeeded in getting what they sought, as well as the unfortunate ones, will not fail to visit the shop regularly every day to take advantage of any other bargains which may be given unannounced. They will, each time they come in, buy something, even if it be only a half dozen buttons, and the profits from these women, who would not, under any other circumstances, enter the place, will return the outlay of the firm many hundred per cent."

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said. "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And, it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and that a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffalo is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called *elite*, and the *elite* of the city's thieves and rascals are called the rogues, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or secular public."

STRANGER (to small boy)—"Is your father home?" Small boy—"No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning." "When will he return?" "He's gone to stay."

ONLY by slow and painful degrees can we fight our way upward and break loose from the clinging hold of self love.

SLEEP is Death's youngest brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers.

IT is in vain to regret a misfortune when it is past retrieving; but few have strength enough to practice this philosophy.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Yachting is a pastime growing more into favor with the Dutch. Their pleasure craft are of two kinds—the flat bottomed botejer, with its bluff bows and great lee boards, simply a dandified model of the usual tjalk, most solidly built of varnished oak, clumsy to look at, but really fast in sailing, particularly in running before the wind; and the beamy centerboard yacht, of American model, of which there are many at Amsterdam.

A watch nearly two centuries old has come to the notice of the *Jeweler's Review*. The movement is inscribed "Augustin L. Hecks, Friedberg," in German text, and the dial is ornamented with the figures of a man and woman in old-time German costume and bears the name Andreas Schuster in old Continental text. The watch is provided with an ingeniously arranged bell which strikes the hours by a single stroke in slightly altered key. It may be made to strike at any time and as often as the owner may wish to push the thumb-spring provided for the purpose—a great convenience in the darkness and a prime necessity to a blind person. The piece still keeps accurate time.

The parks of the world are so many reservations of democracy. The area of a few are subjoined: Yellowstone National Park, 3,575 square miles; Windsor, England, 3,800 acres; Fairmount, Philadelphia, 2,740 acres; Water, Vienna, 2,300; Bois de Boulogne, Paris, 2,100; Phœnix, Dublin, 1,760; Forest, St. Louis, 1,350; South Chicago, 1,055; Golden Gate, San Francisco, 1,043; Central, New York, 853; Druid Hill, Baltimore, 680; Thier Garten, Berlin, 600; Prospect, Brooklyn, 550; Regent's, London, 450; Queen's, Edinburg, 407; Hyde, London, 400; Lincoln, Chicago, 230; Eden, Cincinnati, 216; Humboldt, Chicago, 193½; Northern, St. Louis, 190; Garfield, Chicago, 171; City, New Orleans, 150.

Some of the monasteries of Italy and France sent curious inventions to the Paris Exposition. One, from a friar in Florence, was a watch but the fourth of an inch in diameter, having three hands—minute, hour, and second—besides an indicator which points out the day of the week, month and year. A monastery in Brittany, France, contributed a plain-looking mahogany table, with an inlaid chess board on its surface. The inventor, or any one who desires, sets the pieces for a game and sits alone on one side of the board. He plays cautiously, and the opposite pieces move automatically, and quite frequently come out the victor, no odds how scientifically the player plays. There is no mechanism apparent beneath the table top, which seems to be a solid mahogany board.

Dr. Frank F. Ziller, a St. Louis physician, says: "I have made a careful study of various diseases and find that three of the most vital factors in existence are sunshine, light and air. Very often to protect their carpets individuals will tightly close all the shutters during the daytime so as to exclude the sunlight. Half of the nervousness and debility very common to women is caused by this act. Living in dark, poorly ventilated rooms, and having little time to give to exercising the mind and body is what causes the feeling of langour and exhaustion. Having no enthusiasm, all elasticity and ambition is missing. Impure air shortens life. If the air could be kept free of all impure germs there is no telling how long people would live. Throw open all shutters and windows during good weather at the expense of the furniture rather than close them at the expense of human life."

A lady passing a Park avenue residence last Saturday afternoon saw two hearty and muscular-looking youngsters, of any where from three to six years of age, eating dirt with pieces of shingle nails and gravel mixed with it. She rushed into the house to inform the mother of the enfants terribles of the situation, but was cheerfully informed that if the nails were not rusty they wouldn't hurt the children because they were used to it. "Why," said she, "they live on tacks." An investigation proved that the youngsters made regular meals off of oyster cans, tacks, gravel and dirt, and were never sick a day in their lives. It is suggested that perhaps the system of feeding now in vogue among the upper classes is what is producing the degeneracy of man in, and that the true way to raise children is on the billy goat plan—let them eat what they can find and whenever they can find it.

A well-known London physician has a patient who has a defect in his speech of a most singular character. The patient, a lad of ten, and English by birth, is unable to speak his native language, but articulates a jargon which cannot be understood. He was examined by many doctors, none of whom could decide whether he spoke the same thing twice in the same way or not. The assistance of the phonograph was called in, and the lad, in the presence of several gentlemen, was asked to speak the Lord's Prayer and the alphabet. When a comparison was instituted between the various cylinders containing the record it was found that there was no variation in spoken words, and that it was quite possible for the language which the boy speaks to be understood by simply learning the various sounds. The phonograms will be exhibited before various societies, and the doctors regard it as possible that a new [illegible] may be discovered.

Our Young Folks.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY ANNIE S. PENN.

THE boat belonged to Sam's grandfather, who was a wrinkled weather-beaten old fisherman. Its name was the Polly, which was the same name as that of Sam's granny, who died long ago.

"Yo-ho-o-o!" said Sam, pulling at the rope by which the boat was fastened to a post. He meant to go to sea some day, when he was older and stronger, and was fond of trying to imitate the sailors he had seen for the amusement of Tim and Wally, who were his chief friends.

Sam was sitting on the gunwale with his bare legs hanging over, and his heels drumming on the Polly's sides, while the other two boys lazily watched him from the farther end.

It was their favorite place for playing in the hot summer weather; there were seats when they were tired, and when the tide came up and the waves washed gently round them they could fancy they were out at sea.

"You ain't half a sailor," said Wally, whose father was the mate of a vessel. "You can't tie sailor's knots."

"Yes, I can."

"No, you can't. Tie one, and let me see if you can."

Sam grew red. He thought he knew more knots than either of his companions, and looked about for something with which to show his skill. There was nothing but the rope by which the Polly was fastened.

"I'll soon show you," he said rather sulkily, and slipped from his perch, the sand and water splashing up in all directions as he dropped on to the ground.

A few steps brought him to the post where the rope was tied, and in a minute his nimble fingers were busy unloosing the wet knots, which seemed as though they would not come undone.

"I say, won't your grandad be cross?" asked Tim, who was of a nervous disposition.

"Oh, I'll put it the same way again when we've done;" and Sam scrambled back into the boat with the end of the rope in his hand.

Then the three rough heads and round caps drew very close together, and there was a great deal of tying and untying, and not a little quarrelling.

Sam thought he knew the best knots; Wally was sure he did not do them the right way; and Tim tried his best to keep the peace by telling them that one tied them as well as the other. But it was of no use.

The rope was soon lying in the bottom of the boat, and Wally and Sam were rolling over each other with faces as red as fire, and eyes sparkling with anger.

What they were trying to do they did not quite know—they were not exactly fighting, but the tussle seemed each moment to be getting more fierce.

Tim pulled first at one and then at the other, but without any effect beyond getting a blow in the eye that was not meant for him at all.

He gave up at last, and sat looking on with a disconsolate face, while the scrimmage went on vigorously, accompanied by a panting, and gasping, and thumping of bare heels on the sides of the boat.

"Oh, don't! Oh, do leave off," Tim said from time to time; but he might just as well have said it to the waves, which were all this time creeping up the sands.

At last, too hot and out of breath to struggle longer, the boys sat up and looked at each other. Their caps were off, their hair all over their eyes, and they presented such a comical appearance that Tim went into a fit of laughter.

A startled exclamation from Sam made him suddenly serious again. At the same moment he became aware that the boat was moving—a larger wave had floated it off the sands, and was bearing it out as it rolled back towards the sea.

They had undone the rope which was to prevent this happening, and had been too much occupied to notice how fast the tide was coming in.

"Here, let's jump out!" cried Wally. "If we are quick we can wade—it's not too deep yet!"

But Sam seized him by the jacket and held him back, as another wave rolled up and carried them at once into deeper water.

"We mustn't do that—she'll float away and get lost," he said. "I don't know what grandfather would do if we was to lose the Polly."

Tim had turned of a greenish-white, and sat shivering, with his hands clasped round his knees.

"If we'd got some oars we could row her in," said Sam.

"You hadn't oughter have undone the rope," said Wally.

Tim began to cry.

"We shall be carried out to sea and be drownded," he sobbed out.

By this time the post seemed to be far away in the distance, separated from them by a wide expanse of water. On their other side was the blue sea, with a steamer moving slowly over it, close to the line where the edge of the ocean came against the sky.

A dreadful feeling of helplessness made their eyes grow round and their cheeks lose their color. Sam and Wally forgot their quarrel, and sat close together on one seat, holding each other's hands.

"Well," said Sam, after a pause, in an awestruck whisper, "we've gone and done it now."

Wally said nothing, and they all sat thinking, while the boat rose and fell gently on the waves. After a time Sam spoke again—

"Grandfa'll never forgive us for losing the Polly."

They all turned their heads seaward, watching the steamer, with a faint hope that help might come from it; but they moved steadily on their way.

If the boys had looked behind them instead they would have seen another boat, rowed by a bronzed old fisherman in a blue jersey, put out from the shore.

It came nearer and nearer, but still they did not look in that direction. The steamer was getting farther away, so that there was no help there!

Then the splash of oars from behind them made them start and turn and give a cry of delight.

"Hooray! Here's grandfa!" And Sam stood up in the boat and waved his cap in the air. Wally's color came back, and Tim dried his eyes.

"Now, look ye here," said the old fisherman, as he fastened the rope that had occasioned all the mischief to the stern of the boat he was in, "you none of you go near the Polly no more without me—mind that. If I hadn't ha' happened to want her this afternoon, you and her'd have all been lost together. Never no more—d'you hear?"

"Yes, grandfather," said Sam very meekly, for he knew that he was the one to blame. He would have promised anything just then in the relief of feeling safe once more. All three looked downcast and ashamed, as in silence they were towed to the shore.

A "HAPPY FAMILY."

BY F. M. HOLMES.

HAVE you ever seen a "Happy Family?" not of boys and girls I mean, but of cats, birds, and mice?

"Why," you may exclaim with scorn, "the cats would eat the other up?" No, not in the "Happy Family" of which I am now going to tell you.

Sometimes and in some places in the streets of London, and also at seaside resorts, may be seen such a family; and the birds do not peck at the mice, and the cats keep their claws from both! It is called a "Happy Family!"

What birds are these? Well, in one such family which I have seen there are pretty paroquets, a couple of greenfinches, and sometimes a brace of gay Java sparrows. There are one or more white mice and a couple of cats.

The birds chirp and twitter and hop about in a cage, on the top of which two sleepy cats stare around them, apparently quite oblivious of the feathered creatures beneath, while when wanted the mouse or mice make their appearance, sometimes from the master's pocket, sometimes from a cage or a little box.

And so tamed are the cats that I have seen the little white mouse run up a slight pole and down again through a cat's paws, and it was actually placed once on a cat's nose—for a second or so only, it is true—but the cruel jaws made no snap at the little creature. The mouse seemed quite safe.

But these creatures perform. The Exhibition—if we may give it that grand name—takes place on a little wooden platform or board supporter on two pair of legs which can be folded up like two pairs of gigantic scissors.

And if you were to meet Mr. Showman and his companion, who is sometimes a little girl and carries a small bag for the money, on their travels as they make their way to different places, you might not perhaps think then they had a "Happy Family" with them.

The cage is shrouded in a cloth cover, the cats are shut up in a flat-lidded basket, and the platform taken off its legs, which are folded up, and looks little else than a painted board.

But now the show is to begin! The board is placed on its legs, the cage of twitterers uncovered and stood at one end, with the two sleepy cats on it. The little pole is fixed in its place with a little flag on the top.

When required a couple of small ladders leaning together like the sides of a pyramid are produced, and up the sloping sides of this the twittering birds move—up one side and down the other—and the white mouse crawls. A tight rope is also stretched for them, and along this the little performers also pass.

Perhaps the mouse hopes to find food at the end of its journey, for I have seen it hurry into the cage, the door of which is open opposite the end of the second ladder, and look after the bird-seed lying there.

Another trick performed by a Java sparrow is to hang from the tight rope with his head downwards like a piece of meat in a butcher's shop; and the red color of the bird of course assists the imitation.

Then another little feathered creature pretends to be a dead bird. It lies on its back in the showman's hand with its legs apparently stiff, for all the world as though life had really departed.

And while the little performance is proceeding Mr. Showman can keep up a pretty patter or running talk of his own, in which you may hear such names as Unampaign Charlie, Mrs. Caudle, and Girl of the Period. Presently two of the birds—shall we call them Mr. and Mrs. Caudle?—are taken out for a drive!

Dexterously their master catches one of the greenfinches and hooks around it a sort of little cloak, perches a small hat on its head, and tucks it into a little open carriage. Very funny looks the pretty little head, with its beak and bright eyes turning about.

The other greenfinch is treated in a similar manner. Then a paroquet is caught—possibly one of the largest and strongest—and placed between the shafts. These appear like two wires converging towards each other and joined at their ends by a ring placed upright between them, like a loop.

The bird stoops its head, pops it through the ring, and hops away, drawing the coach behind.

Very probably, if you watch, you will see Mr. Showman lift up his platform slightly so that the coach may run more easily down the incline. The ring seems to rest on the bird's wings and apparently does it no harm, though it will probably get out of the circlet as soon as possible.

Sometimes greater brilliancy is given to the performance by a bird firing off a toy cannon. The master lights the match and places it in a little apparatus behind the small piece of artillery. The bird jumps on the apparatus, when down goes the match and off bangs the cannon!

One of the cats, and sometimes both, may be supposed to hold up the little pole for the mouse to climb. The stick is fixed in the platform but the cat's paws are placed around it. The little white animal crawls between the paws without, apparently, the slightest fear.

A cat too will jump over the master's outstretched arm, something as its big cousin, a trained tiger or leopard, will spring through a hoop in a show.

Now now is it, you may ask, that these cats are thus tamed with regard to these birds and mice. Well, the secret is said to be this, that they are brought up together. That is the reason that the cats do not attack the birds.

When kittens the cats are introduced into a large cage with the birds, and there they live together a "Happy Family."

Certainly the method seems simple enough. Moreover the cats are said not to touch other birds afterwards. Sparrows are to these paragons of pussies an unknown delicacy. And the owner has, on occasion, sold cats to persons desiring such harmless specimens of the feline race.

As for the teaching of the creatures for the show, a little time and patience, says the man, will train them. I should be inclined to add kindness and firmness—but no harshness or frightening.

I know a little canary which will perch on a lad's shoulder all the time he is working at his lessons and wrestling with that dreadful Latin and arithmetic! Every now and again the small creature gives little tickling pecks at his neck, and presently if you crack a hemp seed and place it between your lips it will come and peck it out in the prettiest and most delicate manner.

In short, if you choose to be kind and patient and firm, you may teach a fairly intelligent canary a number of pretty little tricks.

In the summer Mr. Showman of whom we have been speaking lies him away to the sea-side, and sometimes he obtains engagements at private parties. As for the money which he takes from exhibiting in the street, the amounts are very varied: yet he admitted to taking a couple of dollars a day sometimes.

But for his entertainments at private parties he gets five or ten dollars. All his life nearly has he been engaged in the business, for he took to it quite young.

There are but few "Happy Family" Exhibitions in the city streets. Perhaps the qualifications required to train the birds are not plentiful; perhaps the police are apt to regard all such things as obstructions.

At all events the show is a sight not very common in the crowded and busy streets of the metropolis; but the little performance is an instance of what may be done with even the comparatively smaller creatures.

TECHNICAL RAILWAY TERMS.—In nearly all matters connected with railroads America has a vernacular peculiarly her own as distinguished from the technical terms employed by the English.

In fact, "railroad" itself is a barbarous Americanism, utterly objectionable to John Bull, who says "railway."

The English station becomes in this country "depot," to our shame and England's glory. America has palace cars, silver palace cars, express cars, baggage cars, mail cars, sleeping cars and sleepers.

Poor old England knows nothing of such luxuries as so decribed, but her people enjoy them under less pretentious titles. The "buffer" of the old country becomes the "bumper" of the new: the English stoker is one American fireman; the British "driver" answer to the name of "engineer" in the United States, and John Bull's "guards" in this country wear the brass-mounted uniforms of "conductors."

English "gradients" become with us simply "grades," and when, in the absence of curves, we speak of "air lines," the Englishman says: "Aw, beg pardon, to what do you refer?" Cars are "switched" in America "shunted" in England; the English know nothing about "frogs" but term them "iron plates where two lines intersect."

Then we have all kinds of "deadheads," from the tramp to the legislator; trains are "derailed" and engines are "ditched," England knows not the meaning of such terms. But when we drop down to the "candy butcher" for train boy, "rock pile" for sandwich, "telescope" for collision, and "scalper" for ticket seller, John Bull says: "Aw, go wight away; you are coarse."

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from church, a visit, or any place to which you do not accompany them, to pry them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and, if you find anything in all this to censure, always do it in their hearing.

You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish it in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you.

You will by this course render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief which shall serve only to narrow them.

THE MICE.—An old man used to say say to his grandmother, when she used to be out of temper or naughty in any way.

"Mary, Mary, take care—there's a mouse in the pantry!"

She used often to cease crying at this and stand wondering to herself what he meant, then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but she never found one. One day she said;

"Grandfather, I don't know what you mean: I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I've looked so often." He smiled and said:

"Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry: the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good; and that make you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—the trap of watchfulness."

THE HOME FIRESIDE.

BY T. CARBERRY.

When daylight is o'er, and our labor is done,
Then a peaceful calm steals o'er the breast;
When the wages we earn are honestly won,
With what pleasure and pride we can rest!
How pleasing it is to con o'er the page!
Where fancy and fiction abide;
You'll there find the thoughts of the seer and the sage
In the post by the home fireside.

We'll meet there with woman beguiling in love,
To whom pathos and feeling belong;
Whose hearts are as constant and pure as the dove
We have read of in prose and in song.
The children's voices, the lay of the birds,
The hopes and the fears of a bride;
All these we will find in the sweet pleasing words—
In the post by the home fireside.

The prosmen and poets ne'er weary of time
To bestow us the wealth of their thought;]
Their historic records, their visions sublime,
All gems with the beautiful fraught.
Whate'er be my fortune on life's dreary way,
This time I will look to with pride—
My hours of peace at the close of the day,
With the post by the home fireside.

NICKNAMES OF NOTABLE MEN.

What a word of meaning there is in the nickname of "Father of his Country," given to Washington, or in those of "The Terror of the World," and "The Scourge of God," given to Attila by his contemporaries!

The man who has had more of such names conferred upon him than probably any other is Napoleon Bonaparte. He has been known, at different times, to either friend or foe, as the "Man of Destiny," "The Nightmare of Europe," the "Little Corporal," "Boney," the "General Undertaker," the "Armed Soldier of Democracy," "Father Violet," "Corporal Violet," the "Other One," "Jupiter Scapin," and "Heir of the Republic."

The man who finally brought about his overthrow was known to his fellow countrymen as the "Iron Duke;" but this title was given to him from causes which were really beyond his own control, and had no reference to his personal peculiarities, being in this respect an exception to the general rule.

The name arose in this way: There was formerly an iron steamboat plying between Liverpool and Dublin which was called the Iron Duke, but the owners thought fit to change that name into the Duke of Wellington, and thereupon the popular fancy, merely by way of just, reversed this order by calling the Duke or Wellington himself the "Iron Duke," which appellation stuck to him ever afterwards.

Nelson's title of "Hero of the Nile" explains itself, but every one may not know how General Jackson, who fought in the Rebellion, got to be called "Stonewall Jackson."

It originated in an expression used by General Lee, who, when rallying his men at the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861, called out to them, "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall." That remark constituted Jackson's second baptism, for he was known thence forward as "Stonewall Jackson," and his command as the "Stonewall Brigade."

"The man of Sedan" is a nickname which recalls the most striking event in the history of Napoleon III. The "Austrian Hyena" was General Von Haynau, who was distinguished not only for his sinister appearance, but also for his cruelty towards the unhappy prisoners who had the misfortune to find themselves left to his tender mercies.

A more agreeable name was that of Von Blucher, whose extraordinary celerity in his movements, and peculiarities in attacking an enemy, led to his being called "Marshal Forwards;" whilst Marshal Ney may well have been proud at being spoken of among his men as the "Bravest of the Brave."

Alexander the Great was the "Madman of Macedonia;" Prince Rupert of Bavaria, a leader of the forces of Charles I. of England during the civil wars, was the "Mad Cavalier;" and Charles XII. of Sweden, a man of great ambition, but of extreme rashness and impetuousity, was the "Madman of the North." Gustavus Adolphus, also of Sweden, was, on the other hand, known as the "Lion of the North," a title well suggested by his almost irresistible boldness and strength.

Philosophers, poets, dramatists, and literary men of all classes have been largely favored in the matter of nicknames. Democritus of Abdera, who lived in the days of Socrates, and was in the habit of heaping ridicule on the follies, the sorrows, and the deeds of men, was called the "Laughing Philosopher," in contradistinction to Heroclitus, the "Weeping Philosopher," who is said to have spent most of his time in bewailing the degeneracy of mankind. Æ chylus was the "Father of Tragedy," and Aristophanes "Father of Comedy." Plato was the "Athenian Bee," Sophocles the "Attic Muse," and Virgil the "Mantuan Swan." Coming down to later times, we find our own greatest poet and dramatist spoken of as the "Sweet Swan of Avon," and "Rare Ben Jonson" still has a warm place in our affections.

"Inspired Idiot" was the not very enviable title conferred on Oliver Goldsmith. Sturdy old Samuel Johnson was indifferently known as the "Great Cham of Literature," "Ursa Major," and the "Great Moralist." Swift became the "English Rabelais;" the poet Gray (on account of his Beggar's Opera) was the "Orpheus of Highwaymen;" Robert Burns was the "Peasant Bard;" James Hogg the "Ettrick Shepherd"—he having followed the occupation of shepherd in early life—; Chatterton was the "Marvellous Boy;" and Carlyle has become known for all time as the "Bard of Chelsea."

George Hudson, a great speculator in railways, who once made $100,000 in a single day, became known as the "Railway King;" Joe Miller is still the "Father of Jests;" and Isaac Walton will ever be regarded by his followers in the gentle craft as the "Father of Angling."

Sovereigns and presidents, too, have not escaped the general partiality for the conferring of nicknames on notabilities.

Among their number Charles II. counts as the "Merry Monarch;" Queen Elizabeth as the "Virgin Queen;" and George I. of England as the "Turnip Hoer"—he having, on his first arrival in the country, talked of turning St. James's Park into a turnip ground—; whilst General Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States, had the sobriquet of "Rough and Ready," applied to him, and Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President, that of the "Rail-Splitter," he having in his early days supported himself for one winter by splitting rails for a farmer.

In the world of song Jenny Lind is the "Swedish Nightingale;" in that of art God fried Mind, a Swiss painter, had the distinction of being called the "Raphael of Cats;" whilst in the criminal world there have been such notabilities as "Sixteen-String Jack," and "Three-Fingered Jack," the title of the former being due to the fact that John Rann, the highwayman, and the individual in question, was very particular about presenting a smart appearance to his victims, and generally appeared in breeches which had eight strings at each knee.

Grains of Gold.

He mourns the dead who live as they desire.

Laughter is sometimes the knell of a dead delusion.

Carelessness does more harm than want of knowledge.

Rashness brings success to few; misfortune to many.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison.

When the wolf turns moralist, always look to your lambs.

Prides requires a very costly food,—its keeper's happiness.

Neither silence, forgetfulness, nor lapse of time rectifies a wrong.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in every thing.

That which is called liberality is oft nothing more than the vanity of giving.

It is best not to beangry, and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Many of the shadows that cross our path in life are caused by standing in our own light.

It is not well to be much displeased with harmless delusions that tend to make us happy.

The world owes every man a living, and it is never slow in paying it to a good collector.

The man of worth is constantly seeking for wisdom; the fool alone thinks he has found it.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

There is no dearth of charity in the world in giving; but there is comparatively little exercised in thinking and speaking.

Femininities.

Conventionality always gets to the front in these miserable days.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith is urging Congress to tax cigarettes $1 a pack.

No use for a girl to tell her deaf and dumb suitor to "speak to pa."

What has become of the thrifty woman who made her own carpets and soap?

Queen Victoria's dinner table is always lighted with candles placed in golden candelabra.

The only secret that a woman should keep from her husband is that she manages him.

A man who had eloped from Easton sent his wife a note from Jersey City telling her to take good care of the baby.

Worth is always appreciated. A woman no sooner gets a girl in the house who can cook than some man comes along and marries her.

The most popular citizen of Atchison, Kan., is a man who always puts on his wife's rubbers, although he has been married ten years.

Where is there a greater satire upon man than in a game of chess, where the queen has to do all the work and the king is the one to be protected?

She: "I must have $13." He: "Thirteen, my dear, is an unlucky number. I'll make it twelve." And ever after that she asked for fourteen.

The Empress of Brazil was a patron of Senora X., a worthy business woman of Rio, whose signs now reads: "Senora X., corset maker to the Republic of Brazil."

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

"M-m-my d-d dear, I l-l love you! Will y-y-you be——" began Mr. M. Pediment. "That will do," replied the proud beauty. "I do not care to be wooed on the instalment plan."

With good looks and youth marriage is easy to attain. There are men enough; but a woman who has sold herself, for a ring and a new name, need hold her skirts aside for no creature in the street.

Miss Snapper: "Stop the car! I won't ride if I can't have a seat." The conductor, with an air of gentle reproach: "I have to stand up all day, ma'am." "Yes, but you don't have to pay five cents a trip for it."

Peevishness carves lines on the face and bleaches the hair. A peevish young woman at 20 will look old at 30, because her peevish or worrying thought represents so much of her force used to tear her down instead of building her up.

An Emporia, Kansas, girl wrote to Jay Gould and asked him to give her a black silk dress, as she was about to be married and her folks were too poor to buy her one. Although she has written four melting epistles to the autocrat she still has no black silk.

Queen Victoria has a fancy for Vienna and French bread and rolls in all sorts of odd shapes. Besides having it made up in a score of fancy twists and curls, she always has some baked in the form of little dolls. These are for her grandchildren when they eat at her table.

Does a woman ever go to bed? The last the man of the house hears of her at night she is putting the cat out; if he wakes up in the night he finds that she is trotting around to see if the children are asleep, and when he wakes up in the morning he finds her up before him. Does a woman ever go to bed, or does a woman ever stay in bed after she gets there?

"What becomes of men who deceive their fellow-men?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "They lose the confidence of good people," was the prompt reply. "Well answered. Now what becomes of women who do the same thing?" The question stumped the class for a minute, and then a little girl piped out, "They usually catches the man for a husband."

Among the delicacies which graced Queen Victoria's table at Christmas was a turtle 100 years of age, which had been brought from the Ascension Island by the government cruiser Wye. So thoroughly did her Majesty enjoy the soup that the Wye has just been dispatched to Ascension—a distance of many thousand miles—for a further supply of turtles.

A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a noise in the yard one day the father went out to see what was the matter. "Well, what was it?" asked his wife, as he returned out of breath. "Your children and my children were pounding our children," was the reply.

A clever young woman in St. Joseph, Mo., outwitted a tyrannical father on Friday and succeeded in marrying the man of her choice without his consent. She managed to become maid of honor at a wedding where her "best man" was also the groom's, and at the conclusion of the ceremony advanced with the groomsman, and they were pronounced man and wife "ere the mother could speak or the father could bar."

The application of a caveat to stop a marriage is something new. It is stated that a member of the Maryland Legislature had contracted a marriage with a lady, and journeyed to the county seat to procure a license, when he made the painful discovery that his rival had filed a caveat against the issue, and before he can get a license the case will have to be argued. The wedding has been postponed, but "the groom is a fighter and won't give up easily."

An actress in New York has entered a claim that a particular pose, which she assumed while being photographed, "is all her own," and that no other actress or photographer has a right to appropriate such pose. "When the case comes to trial," says the New York paper which is the authority for the above statement, "the proceedings will be observed with much interest. A question that naturally occurs to the mind is: Will the pose itself be brought into court and marked 'Exhibit A?'"

Masculinities.

A man is known by the company he keeps away from.

The great difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cover many complaints.

When a man's wife begins to compare him with other men he will do well to stay at home nights.

Even the very ablest, most laborious and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low.

King Humbert's table is entirely spread with hammered gold plate service, which is used every day.

The man who is most ready to give advice is the one who received a great deal that he failed to use.

An imported cat was sent as a present to an Allentown man, but a neighbor mistook it for a wild animal and blessed his dog on it.

It is considered the proper caper now for a man to top off with a soft felt hat dented in on top, after a fashion which was prevalent a score of years ago.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.

Mr. Medford: "Your son seems very industrious." Mrs. Bedford: "To a certain extent. He is always doing something when it is time to go to bed."

A young man in Nebraska was refused a marriage license to marry his mother-in-law, and went over to Onawa, Ia., where the ceremony was performed.

A Deer Lodge, Montana, man sold a third interest in a mine a short time ago for $3500, and went through with the money in the short space of five days.

To protect ourselves against the storms of passion, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it is a tempest in the harbor.

The King of Italy eats nothing but vegetables and fruits. His physicians will not permit him to drink coffee, and his only beverage is Bordeaux and water.

A Newport, Ky., widower forfeits an inheritance of $75,000 by marrying again. It was his first wife's property, willed to him on condition that he should remain single.

It is said that the Prince of Wales always wears a sachet filled with frankincense next his skin as a preventive against infection, and attributes his freedom from influenza to its virtue.

An Ansonia, Conn., druggist has an electric bell in a cabinet containing poisons. When the door is opened the bell rings, reminding the compounder that he is handling poisons.

One citizen of Augusta, Me., called an other a "jackass" about two years ago. The matter has been in court ever since, and the other day, when finally settled, it had cost each litigant over $1300.

The theme of the Japanese national anthem, as recently rendered into English, is: "Oh, that the reign of our Emperor might continue for thousands and thousands of years—until oyster shells become rocks."

Mr. Quiverful: "I want some children's boots." Shopkeeper: "Yes, sir; what number?" "Twenty-six." "Twenty-six! We haven't got 'em." "Well, I can't do with less; I've got thirteen children." "This way, sir, please."

Of all the bores one meets with in society, the man who demurs to everything, the mere phrase-catcher who is always on the watch to trip you up on a technicality or corner you with a quibble, is the most detestable. Nothing can be learned of such people, nothing can be taught them.

The police rules of London forbid an officer to arrest a drunken person unless the latter is trying to do some one an injury, and it is not an uncommon thing for an officer to have six or eight "drunks" asleep at intervals along his beat. They may all sing, whistle or shout, but he cannot arrest them.

It, in the midst of writing a sermon, Rev. Dr. Talmage needs a quotation, he seizes the volume that contains it and tears out the desired page with ruthless hand. Then, taking his shears, he cuts out the particular passage he needs, and pasting it on his manuscript page tosses the book aside. There is scarcely a book in his library that is not so mutilated.

In 1857 William Parker, of Liverpool, sailed for Montreal with his wife and two children. On the voyage he fell overboard, and was given up for lost. His widow settled down near Montreal, and soon married again. The second marriage was disturbed the other day by the sudden appearance of Parker, who, it seems, had been picked up by a Portuguese merchantman bound for South America, and, arriving in that country, he resolved to seek his fortune before joining his family.

It is the drawback of suburban cemeteries that they must be kept under lock and key. Whoever sees the uses they are put to could not think otherwise. One day in Mount Auburn a young woman was noticed making a careful toilet. She had a small handglass propped against the sculpture of a marble monument, her long hair was down and being elaborately combed before the mirror. That same day a youth read aloud with oratorical gestures from a manuscript, evidently some graduation paper.

Word comes that a society of disappointed lovers has been organized in Wilmington, Del., with the avowed purpose of exchanging narratives of experience and shunning female society. The latter is a mistaken idea, since such is the merciful constitution of the feminine heart that the harshness of one woman has often proved an efficient occasion for the kindness of another. Meet, gentlemen, if you will, but meet for mutual encouragement rather than to clinch despair. Instead of swapping experiences, swap girls. Which one many pause has often before now proved another man's helpmate.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for March caters as generously and as delightfully as ever for its young readers, and is full of good things, both in the text and its illustrations.—Published by and received from the Russell Publishing Co.

The March issue of the *Eclectic* has its usual supply of suggestive and striking papers. The opening paper, "The State and the Sermon on the Mount," by the Bishop of Peterborough, is a remarkable article. Dr. Bamberger (of the German Reichstag) contributes an admirable study of the German Press. The Symposium by Besant, Hardy, and Mrs. Lynn Linton on English fiction is sure to attract wide-spread attention. There are two papers on Africa, one by Lovett Cameron on Portuguese claims, the other by J. Scott Keltie on Stanley's contribution to African geography. Both are timely, and the latter is a masterly sketch accompanied by maps. Professor Freeman on "The Origin of English," and Professor Nicholson on "Profit-Sharing," contribute masterly essays in different lines. Herbert Spencer's article on "Absolute Political Ethics" will attract the attention of all thinkers. A most interesting subject, "The Future of English Monarchy," is ably treated by Frank H. Hill. There are four very striking poems by Swinburne, Cosmo Monkhouse, Peter Bayne, and Yussuf, and a capital short story, "The Ring of Thoth," etc. Published at No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

Scribner's Magazine for March has for its leading feature the first of two papers, by Benj. Ellis Martin, entitled "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" describing his homes and haunts in London and its suburbs. The article is attractively illustrated from pen-and-ink drawings, by English artists; and there are besides two Lamb portraits. Kirk Munroe in "A Forgotten Remnant," writes about the four hundred Seminoles descended from those left in the almost inaccessible Everglades of Southern Florida, by Gen. Harney, when in 1842 he declared the war against them ended. The article is illustrated from unique photographs. The concluding article on Ericsson is devoted to his great inventions, with illustrations. Prof. William James writes of the recent experiments of Janet in the field of hypnotism. Horace Baker, who was long a resident of Australia, describes the construction and throwing of boomerangs. The fiction comprises a short story by George A. Hibbard and the serials by Octave Thanet and Harold Frederic. Two poems and several brief papers in "The Point of View," complete the number. Published at New York.

The March *Magazine of American History* is a sparkling number. We are favored with a chapter "Celebrating the Birth of William Bradford," by Thomas Bradford Drew, of Plymouth, taking us backward to the first settlement in New England; then we find some charming personal memories from the pen of Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, writing from Italy on "Sir John Bowering and American Slavery." We have a scholarly account by W. R. Garrett, A. M., of the extraordinary controversy concerning "The Northern Boundary of Tennessee;" and rare entertainment is given in "Hawthorne's First Printed Article," a clever sketch by Kate Tannett Woods. 'The Story of the greatest Auditing office in the World," by Milton T. Adkins, is statistical but pleasant reading, and the "Neglected Grave of Seth Pomeroy" by Frank Sutton, will doubtless awaken far-reaching sympathy. The leading illustrated paper of the number is a wonderfully vivid picture of "Life in New York Fifty Years Ago" by the editor. The departments of the month are unusually full and valuable. Price $5 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

THE NIGHT SKY.—A chart of the heavens containing some twenty millions stars up to the fourteenth magnitude is now in course of preparation, and will be finished in three or four years. The work is, of course, international—a large number of observatories having combined to do it. Part of the expense will no doubt be redeemed by the sale of the star maps, which will have an historical value for posterity, since the aspect of the heavens is slowly changing with the course of time.

A DEEP SEATED COUGH, cruelly tries the Lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent resort for the afflicted is to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy for all troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Pulmonary Affection.

IN JAPAN.

THE MARRIAGE ceremonies in Japan are very numerous and various; in the first place, there is a "middle man," who arranges the preliminaries, and carries presents from the bridegroom to the bride, which vary according to the position of the parties; if the lady accepts the presents she must go on with the marriage.

For a bride in good circumstances the presents would be a white silk robe, and some gold-embroidered brocade for the sash, which, by the way, is the prettiest part of the dress; another piece of white silk with a lozenge pattern worked on it, some barrels of wine, and some condiments. On the wedding night the bride is fetched on a litter her husband's house, dressed in the presented robes and a veil of white silk; the relations are all assembled in a room, and here is held the wedding feast, which is inaugurated with a repast consisting of dried fish and seaweed, dried chestnuts, a soup made of fishes' fins, wine and condiments, and the inevitable rice, which is a standing dish at every meal. Then follow tea and sweetmeats, of which, by the way, Japanese girls are very fond, though they are remarkably small eaters as a rule. After all these preliminaries follows a dinner of three courses, after which the guests retire and the bride remains in her new home.

During her marriage feast, as at all other meals, the Japanese bride has to feed herself with chopsticks; and it is considered a great breach of etiquette to eat fast at first; but a Japanese girl is not likely to be guilty of this breach of etiquette, partly because, as we said above, she eats very little—a little chicken, rice, fungi, herbs, shell-fish, roots, condiments, and sweetmeats being the staple of her food; and also because she has been schooled and drilled in all points of etiquette from her youth up, for though an exceedingly polite people, the Japanese are also most punctilious on all such little matters.

The girls marry early, generally at fifteen, though they are considered marriageable some years earlier; they are allowed by the laws and religion of their country to marry anyone except their brother or father.

They do not appear to have very many amusements, though as children they are supplied with very sensible toys, which are instructive as well as amusing, and can be used to teach them the rudiments of science.

When they are older they play cards and draughts; they are very fond of music, singing and dancing. They play the guitar, and a peculiar sort of violin, but their favorite musical instrument is a kind of recumbent harp, not unlike a zither in appearance, though the sounds emitted by it, to our ears, at least, are far from musical. When they read, and they are fond of reading, their favorite topic seems to be their own country, though education in Japan is now advancing so rapidly that this will soon cease to be true. A favorite amusement of little girls is fancy papers; these papers they cut and fold into figures representing dogs or any common animals, flowers, plants, or household objects.

Although some the girls belonging to noble families are now often sent to Europe or America to be educated, there are some first rate girls' schools in Japan, particularly at Tokio, where there are industrial schools, elementary schools, and higher schools for girls. In all these schools, desks and chairs have now been introduced, for formerly the girls all sat on their heels on mats at low tables; changes have also taken place in the matter as well in the manner of teaching; formerly morals, which include etiquette and writing, were all that was taught in elementary schools, but now they learn in addition to these arithmetic, reading, geography, natural history, and elementary science.

Writing is a far more difficult accomplishment to a Japanese girl than it is to an English child, for besides the forty-eight Japanese letters, she has to learn difficult Chinese characters as well, consequently far more time is spent on writing than with us; their copy books require no ink, water only is used; but this is a very modern invention.

Great attention is paid to domestic economy in the education of girls in all the higher schools; sewing, embroidery, dressmaking, painting, weaving, and rearing of silkworms are taught, for an ordinary housewife in Japan has to make almost all the clothes required by her family, as there are very few tailors or dressmakers, but until quite lately these domestic arts were taught at home, as they are still among the better classes. In boarding schools the girls are taught cookery and housekeeping in addition to their other studies.

The sewing is all done by hand, machines are not used, and for this and for etiquette the girls have to sit on mats on the floor, in true Japanese fashion. That beautiful gold embroidery we see on Japanese articles is taught in the female schools at Kujoto-Fu, where the girls have quite a course of study on the art of embroidery to go through, but these girls would be able to make their living by it afterwards; ladies would not consider it a necessary part of their education, though there is a special kind of embroidery or preparation for the more elaborate art, which all girls, rich and poor alike, learn.

Patchwork is another art which every Japanese girl is taught, for it is very useful in mending tears or holes in rich brocaded dresses; in this art, and really it is an art, figures of animals or flowers are first of all cut out in thick paper, then, to fit these various silks or stuffs are cut and sewn together so neatly that they look as if woven, for not a stitch must show.

Another kind of patchwork is made by pasting the designs together, or rather the pieces of silk which form the design, so that they look absolutely like one piece, this is taught to those who wish to learn it in the schools, but the other patchwork is an indispensable feature of a Japanese girl's education.

Painting in water colors and drawing in Indian ink from nature are taught in all higher and private schools, and indeed, a certain knowledge of drawing is necessary for the embroiderers, as all the designs have first of all to be drawn on the cloth. Japanese girls are very fond of painting on silk and muslin, and in the art schools they learn to paint on lacquer-ware and porcelain, or erthenware.

In the education of a Japanese girl, either at home or at school, a great deal of time is taken up in learning etiquette, which is not only recognized as a branch of study, but is considered by far the most important element in her education; and in a country where such an elaborate system of etiquette prevails, breaches of which are looked upon almost, and in some cases quite, as crimes, imitation into some of its mysteries is certainly necessary.

Etiquette includes morals, and particularly the virtues of patience and modesty, as well as mere politeness; in this last grace the Japanese certainly exceed all European nations.

The girls are taught to show great respect to their elders, particularly to the aged; their ordinary form of salutation in the streets is to curtsey, bending the knees; but indoors, in saluting their superiors or elders, they bow down to the ground, and if to a person of high rank, they bow till they can touch the ground with their fingers.

VEGETABLE CANS.—The use of an acid flux for soldering the inside of provision tins is a serious source of danger to health, while the resin flux communicates its taste to the contents of the can. In France and Germany all tins containing articles of food have to be soldered on the outside, and attempts have been made to wholly abolish inside soldering in the United States, but they have not yet been entirely successful. The first danger from the inside surface of solder is the direct solvent action of an acid on vegetables or fruits preserved without syrup. The second source of danger is galvanic action.

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The acme of medicine, Salvation Oil, all druggists sell it for only 25 cents a bottle.

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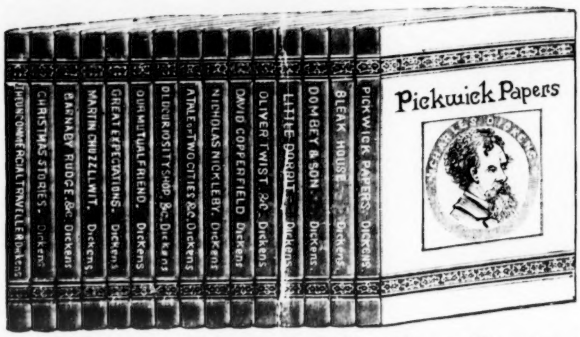

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CAT.

I have a cat—a Thomas cat—
Likewise has Neighbor Briggs,
And next to him is Deacon Crump—
He's one, and so has Triggs;
Nocturnes innumerable has
This feline corps begat,
And I do implicate them all,
Except my Thomas cat.

The midnight pregnant is of yawls
That joggle my repose,
Vituperative epithets
My verbal port o'erflows,
I conjure schemes of torture 'twixt
My fiercely-uttered oaths,
And vow there is no nuisance like
My neighbors' Thomas cats.

And when I come each day to take
My matutinal meal,
I hear my Tommy's tuneful purr,
And stroke his back of seal;
He opes his eyes, rears up his spine
To meet my tender pats,
And quite assures me he's unlike
All other Thomas cats.

Last night the caterwauling smote
My ear till I was crazed,
I shed the quilts and savagely
The window-sash I raised.
Down on the porch below I hurled
A giant base-ball bat,
And near it in the morning found
My slaughtered Thomas cat.

—U. N. NONE.

Dead beat—A burst drum.

Good only when used up—An umbrella.

An unquestionable acquaintance—General Respectability.

Love may be blind, but he knows when the parlor lamp is too high.

Talk never seems cheap when the one talking to you is a little dear.

Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch?—Because there's a spring inside it.

Why is a solar eclipse like the whipping of a boy by his mother?—Because it is a hiding of the sun.

Because a thing is small of size think not that you may scorn it. Some insects have a larger waist but a lift less than the hornet.

A clergyman, being recently absent from home, his son, of ten years, was asked to pronounce the blessing. "No," he replied; "I don't like the looks of them taters!"

Teacher, to class: "In this stanza what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Bright scholar: "The people were pulling down the blinds."

O'Flynn, reading a death notice: "Poor Jim! It says he left a wife and two children." Mrs O'Flynn: "Och, ye might know that. He was too mean to iver take thim anywhere wid him."

"The present riding habit for ladies is more becoming than that for gentlemen," says an exchange. Well, we would just say so! The gentlemen's riding habit, we believe, is to let the ladies stand up.

Mrs. Figg—"Is Mr Peck at the lodge this evening?" Mrs. N. Peck—"No; he's downtown getting drunk. I always let him have this day for his own enjoyment. It's our wedding anniversary, you know."

"Do you see that man over there?" said one rural visitor in the House gallery to another. "The one who was jes speakin'?" "Yes. He was once a famous Know-Nothing." "Well, he don't seem to be clean over it yet."

Husband—"I can live with you no longer. I shall commit suicide."

Wife—"You mean thing! When you know I haven't a black dress to my name."

"You have a bad cold, Mr Brummel," observed an acquaintance to the prince of dandies. "Why, do you know," said he, "that at Jacksonville, the other day, that infidel, Weston, my valet, put me into a room with a damp stranger!"

Papa—"It's no use talking, Emma, these Sunday evening meetings have got to be shortened. My latest gas bill was enormous." Emma—"It's not my fault. It wouldn't be half as big if mamma didn't come into the parlor so often."

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old—of either sex. You can work all the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. Then is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one willing to work can earn $100 per month. Great workers, under the most favorable conditions, earn $320 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you may do, you should look into this royal chance. You will find that you can easily make a great deal of money, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. TRUE & Co., Box 299, Augusta, Maine.

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A NEW TREATMENT.

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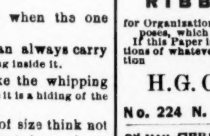

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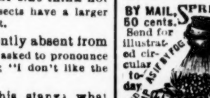

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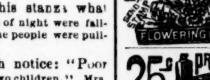
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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Nov. 29, '85.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. If seized with threatened

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Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, &c., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, by its action of counter-irritation and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instruction see our "directions" wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pain.

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., (see our book on Venereal, &c.; price five cents), Glandular Swelling, Tumors, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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The Most Economical! The Best!

Smaller Doses Than Other Sarsaparillas, but More Concentrated.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the whole list of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" regarding diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

T. A. Peters, Lancaster, Pa.: "I would not be without them. They are something every family should have."

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We have received thousands of such testimonials and others are steadily pouring into our office daily, which is itself a

POSITIVE PROOF

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Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO. No. 32 Warren st., New York, for "False and True."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Among spring models in walking costumes is one of English tweed, forming a glove fitting princesse dress, with not the usual plain flat front, but with plaits formed by means of deep slashes cut in the skirt, these are different lengths, with extra pieces of darker shade facing the slashed portions, and showing at every move of the wearer.

Each plait is finished at the top with a large ornament in silk cord in the dark shade. The waist opens diagonally and is finished with a velvet collar overlaid with passementerie matching the ornaments, which are set diagonally across the skirt front.

Another gown is of auburn-brown Carmelite cloth, the skirt embroidered in Persian colors. Over this is a long, graceful French polonaise, the back finished with loops of rich satin ribbon. The right front is lapped over the left, and both are cut in long points. A V-shaped embroidered collar is set into the neck, and the coat sleeves have cape pieces above them that reach to the elbow, and are cut up to the shoulder on the outside of the arm.

Very many of the handsome textiles for evening wear are of tinted Neapolitan crepe, striped with satin. The wrinkled, lustreless surface of the crepe serves to enhance the sheen of the satin. Cerise is the revived name for a new bright shade of red that appears to be very popular among evening colors. This vivid hue formed a stripe on a pretty Cinderella toilet made of pale primrose crepe.

The bodice was of Lyons satin matching the stripe, and a fringe of poppies edged the skirt hem. This dress was worn without jewels, excepting the diamond star that fastened a band of cerise velvet worn around the throat. An aigrette of red velvet loops and a large poppy were set among the coils of raven hair of the wearer, which was dressed in Japanese fashion. Japanese sandals of red Swedish kid, with silk hose to correspond, completed this gay dancing-toilet.

No prettier patterns are shown among new cotton fabrics than the French and Scotch ginghams. These are beautiful both in texture and coloring, and are now woven so wide that they can be made into long seemless overdraperies arranged bias of the goods. They are almost as sheer and lustrous as silken textiles and nearly as expensive. Some of the French zephyrs have tapestry designs, which are not printed, but thrown in relief upon the surface by the peculiar weaving of the goods.

A beautiful pattern is in roses, shading from sea-shell pink to a rich damask on a ground of silver green. The new sateens are more than ever reproductions in cotton of the India silks, and at a short distance are almost indistinguishable from them. Herring-bone stitching is simulated by white and colored threads woven into borderings and on special strips and bands for bodice trimmings.

Silvered ferns and a great deal of fine silver ornamentation are used on net and tulle, in gimps, laces and flowers, rivaling the bead and gold decoration so long in favor. Scottish thistles, silver daisies, lilies of the valley and beautiful silvered sea mosses are all employed, and a very artistic costume made for a fancy party is of silver tulle over silver moire, the gown trimmed with silver galloon of the most dainty device, with other ornaments of silver on the bodice, and also a delicious cluster of damask roses.

A charming toilet called the Marie Antoinette gown is made of rose-leaf royal armure, with a simple vine embroidery outlining all the edges of the V-shaped bodice and open skirt front.

The bodice is laced down the back, as are most of the fashionable evening corsages, and the delicate silk embroidery goes down each side of the lacing after it leaves the V point in the back. Embroidery is still a mark of exclusive elegance, particularly French work wrought in special designs directly on the bodice or skirt.

Kid, used for millinery purposes, sounds as if it would be heavy and formal-looking. Such, however, is not the case in a very pretty little bonnet where folds of tan-colored peau de Suede surround a crown of the same material, ornamented with black passementerie.

There is a black butterfly bow in the front, in the midst of which nestles a tiny bird whose breast plumage reproduces the soft tan shade of the kid. The crown of a small toque bonnet was entirely composed of up-standing wings, shaded from brown to terra cotta, a torsade of velvet in the latter shade forming the brim.

Stylish house dresses for the present season are made of begonia red, lime leaf green, auburn brown, and English-pink camel's hair, with seamless bias redingote fronts. The back breadths are en princesse, and just touch the floor. These have folded silk fronts in blouse fashion, and petticoats trimmed with vandyke points in passementerie. Other petticoats have rich Persian borders in silk and silver galloon, with Empire fronts closely lapped, and Greek draperies.

Simpler gowns of camel's-hair have round waists of fine shepherd's check in green and gold, brown and apricot, and other pretty mixtures, these joined to skirts of plain camel's hair, finished at the foot with a deep skirt-border of the checked wool. The bodices have a surplice drapery of the plain goods, reaching from the shoulders to the belt.

Some of the new evening silks are luxuriant beyond description. The new tinsel broches and hand embroidered satin regences, which are arriving in the latest importations, remind one of the gorgeous products of the old Venetian looms. There is a tropical richness about them which will blend well with the fascinating strains of the waltz and the sparkle of beauty's smile. The designs are large and the colors brilliant without violating the canons of taste. A magnificent assortment of these goods is now being shown.

Tinsel, fern-leaf and Pompadour embroidered effects prevail most extensively and some of these silks are embroidered with large designs of fruit in the brightest color. These are especially effective on black, but come also with white or colored grounds.

Others on delicate grounds are elaborately embroidered with gold and silver tinsel and floral clusters in pale Oriental hues or branches of tulips in the most beautiful tintings. There is still a tendency to blend the different weaves, such as failles and satin in alternate stripes, especially in blacks, whites and solid colors, to which it lends a richer and more effective appearance. These are sometimes further enlivened by a narrow Pompadour stripe.

The favorite goods for outdoor Summer wear include printed crepe de Chines, which are shown in different shadings, with floral designs in bright colors; printed satin and surah stripes, which come in leaf patterns and contrasting shades, and printed China silks, which are still extremely popular, floral designs being favored.

A pretty effect is shown in clover leaf and blossom design, which should harmonize well with rustic surroundings. Exceptionally handsome effects are shown in black brocaded silks, the newest being in satin regence and Duchesse satin and satin and armure stripes, with medallion figures.

The most fashionable materials in plain black silks are silk regences and Bengalines. Dress robes are extremely elaborate this season.

An extreme novelty shown is in camel's-hair serge, in all new shades, with a front to match composed of a broad velvet stripe and a brocade stripe, with matelasse centre, which is also shown in borette effects. The newest thing in cashmere robes has a passementerie band of embroidered floral design in Persian colors.

Another border is in Eiffel Tower design in figured silk and lace, the silk and embroidery being in harmonizing colors. French plaids are shown in serges in new combinations and with silk stripes. Black grenadine will be a favorite fabric for Summer wear, and some handsome panels are shown, embroidered with floral and fern designs embroidered in silk.

Pretty moire grenadines, with satin stripes running through them, alternated with Pompadour stripes, are also very effective. An extreme novelty in a serge robe has the skirt trimmed with two rows of feather trimming, one black and one white, with white satin stripe between and border of black and white silk embroidery.

Odds and Ends.

NOTES ON HOUSEWORK.

How to clean Brass and Copper.—The following mixture will be found the best thing for cleaning brass, copper, tin, stair-rods, taps, and even windows, and it is quite worth the trouble of making once a year, as the quantities I give will last that time, and the best way is to store it in wide-mouthed pickle jars of glass or stone, and give it out in small jarfuls to each servant: —One pound whiting, one pound rotten stone, one pound soft soap, one teacupful vinegar, as much water as will make it a thick paste. Let it boil fully ten minutes, and when nearly cold add half a pint of spirits of turpentine. When you use it put very little on a rag, and rub the article you wish to clean well with it, until it becomes bright, and then polish with a leather dipped in powdered Bath brick. Unless you use Bath brick it soon tarnishes, but Bath brick preserves the polish.

Furniture Polish.—One pint of cold drawn linseed oil, two ounces best white resin (powdered), four ounces vinegar, two ounces spirits of wine, one ounce butter of antimony, one ounce spirits of salts. Put the oil and resin in a quart tin pan, and then put the pan in a pan of cold water, near a slow fire, or, on a stove for an hour, until the resin is melted, then take it from the fire, and when cold, add the other ingredients, and it will be fit for use. Keep it corked in a bottle, and before using it shake the mixture well.

Another very Good Furniture Paste.—One ounce best white wax, one ounce brown ditto, half pint of turpentine, one ounce Castile soap. The wax to be scraped and dissolved in the turpentine, and the soap boiled in a pint of rain water, all to be added together when nearly cold. The paste ought to be of the consistency of cream. It requires to be kept closely covered from the air.

How to Use either of the above.—After washing your furniture well with vinegar and well drying it, take a small piece of new flannel, wring it tightly out of clean warm water, then smear over it some of the polishing oil, or paste. By wringing your flannel first out of warm water, it prevents the polish sticking, and you will find it much easier.

Now, we will suppose you are going to polish the top of a table, rub your flannel covered with paste round and round in rings all over the top at once, then rub it in with the same flannel straight up and down with the grain of the wood, then take a soft clean duster, and rub with the grain up and down, first a general rub all over the table, but never forgetting to rub with the grain, but you must first rub all over the table to prevent the polish sticking. Then, after rubbing this way for some time, take it in stripes or divisions, as much as your duster will cover when you have folded it in a smooth lump, and you must persevere for a long time rubbing up and down in one place, until it looks beautifully clear. To ascertain whether a piece is properly finished, draw your finger across here and there, and if it leaves the least smear your work is not properly done, you must rub it until there is no smear, for a smear means oil left on the surface, and then the sweating of the wood, and the oil and the daily dust all mix together and clog the grain of the wood. Do not change your polish, use either one or the other. Go by the same rules of applying polish to every article of furniture, pianos, cabinets, chairs, &c. Have plenty of dusters, and never give polishing oil or paste into the care of an inexperienced housemaid for she will not only use it much too often, but will leave the corks out. Constantly wash or renew the piece of flannel for applying the polish. Use very little polish on the flannel, much less than you would at first imagine more than suffices, and it stands to reason that the less you use the sooner it is rubbed off.

Windows and Window Sills.—Throw open your bedroom windows top and bottom every morning before you leave your room; order your sitting room windows to be similarly opened before breakfast. The fresh air comes in at the bottom and drives out the bad air at the top. When a carpet is being swept, have the window open top and bottom, for the fresh air coming in at the bottom drives out the dust and dirt at the top. Every cleaning day for a room, have the window sills outside well scrubbed with soap and water and sand, also the sockets of the window frames.

How to Sweep Walls.—If you are going to have a wall swept that is covered with glazed paint or paper, tie a soft cloth over a long-handled broom, and wipe it well up and down, often turning the cloth; but if you want a papered wall swept, do not use a cloth, for if you do, you rub the dirt into the paper, and it can never be satisfactorily cleaned down with bread-crumbs afterwards. A papered wall should be lightly brushed with the bristles of a wall-brush, and both a "Turk's head" brush and a wall-brush should always be kept covered up in paper, so as to be clean. Do not brush a papered wall oftener than once a month. If you live in town, the white muslin curtains must be changed once a month, and it is a good opportunity to wipe or brush the walls, also the tops of bookcases and wardrobes.

JEALOUSY is said to be the offspring of love; yet unless the parent make haste and strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

Confidential Correspondents.

A WHITE SINNER.—If we were your guardian, you should never again have the chance of behaving as you are doing. A grave worldly woman would tell you that your action resembles madness. Amend your ways at once, or the end will come speedily, and prove exceptionally bitter.

LUKE.—How can you suppose that the mere breaking of a looking-glass could have any influence on the fortunes of your life? The slovenly housewife who hangs a mirror on a rickety nail or who is careless in the work of cleaning will be unlucky in a circumstances; but the smashing of a flat lump of silvered glass can hardly affect any earthly condition.

MELEH.—No one with the slightest self-respect would take advantage of such mediums; knaves and unprincipaled persons of both sexes know how to utilise them, and it is the innocent and unwary who are their victims; the proprietors and promoters make a good living out of such ventures, but honorable and honest folk would do well to steer quite clear of them.

NERO.—Your question is a queer one. Louis XVI. of France wrought as a blacksmith; George IV. is said to have designed a coat—but we fancy the task was too much for his intellect; the poor King of Bavaria was rather clever at various sorts of wood-work; Charles II. was a skilled chemist; Peter the Great worked as carpenter, caulker, rigger, and hammerman.

VERY ANXIOUS.—We cannot direct you to any particular insurance company, for as the business is now conducted in this State they may be all said to be good and strong. By applying to any one or several of them your questions will be discussed satisfactorily. If everything is right in your statement of the case they will be glad to insure you under the circumstance mentioned.

CROMBAEG.—The pamphlet about the horrors of Mormonism is no doubt intended to be appalling, but we merely find it vulgar, silly, and valueless. The man who wrote it should remember that a few plain facts quietly told are worth any quantity of cheap wit and clumsy scolding. A childish amateur joker is not the man to handle a question which puzzles the best and truest men in America.

INQUIRER.—Roland was one of the paladins of Charlemagne, and a myriad legends have gathered round his name. He was slain at the battle of Roncesvalles. When one speaks of giving a Roland for an Oliver, one means that, just as Roland and Oliver were equal in prowess, so that the stroke which one deals is equal to the one received. "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed" occurs in Morton's "A Cure for the Heartache," act v., sec. 2.

EDITH.—There must be no paltering; you must not hesitate; you must drop all your soft and forgiving ways, or you are a doomed woman. The man says he loves you, and yet he behaves in a way which would justify a father or brother in personally chastising him. You bear all the scorn of malignant gossips who would hunt you to death, while he goes scot-free. Take our word for it, he is a bad man or a simpleton. If he is a simpleton, you can subdue him and manage him; if he is bad, you must pack him off even if it kills you. Some fates are far worse than death.

J. O. H.—You cannot cure the habit of swearing by serious talk; you must merely laugh the young man out of it. He fancies he is a fine, swaggering, military sort of person, and he is emulating some model. Tell him that a man who uses foul language in any decent company nowadays is speedily warned away by all respectable folk, and, so far from being thought either dashing or clever, he is set down as an impudent underbred blockhead—further, that some refined but irritable gentleman are rather apt to chastise foul-mouthed persons who disturb the nerves of ladies.

ELLA.—Certainly you have had enough experience, and, with your high character, you should be able to obtain employment; but we never advise any lady to come to this city if she has to risk waiting a long time for an engagement. The trouble, the peril, the weariness of this city cannot be understood save by those who are on the spot. You must simply take the ordinary course and answer trade-advertisements. Should you apply to the firm mentioned, they will not we imagine, be sorry to engage you; for it is very seldom indeed that a lady with your exceptional testimonials and experience can be picked up in the open market.

THEOMAL.—The tremendous Greek tragedies were enacted for amusement doubtless, but the amusement had rather an awe-striking character. You will find that all the great plays are meant to impress on men a sense of the feebleness of human creatures and the inexorable power of the gods and of fate. Regarding the religious purposes of the drama, we may tell you that the miracle-plays acted in the middle ages were the first dramatic representation given, and they all dealt with Spiritual subjects. You may probably know that the Passion Play at Oberammergau represents the life and death of Jesus Christ. It is a survival from the middle ages, and it is performed with all solemnity and reverence.

AGNOSTIC.—Mr. Herbert Spencer's notion that certain persons might be encouraged to commit suicide was fairly reasoned out, but it proved too strong for many good people; as for yours, it would rouse a very violent storm if it were gravely put forward, and no responsible man dare on any account take the risk. At first sight it seems plausible to say that a man or woman who is lingering on in agony ought to be relieved of pain; any physician might be almost pardoned if he listened to the imploring cries of a man who longed, as Mirabeau did, to be put out of suffering. Again, there have been cases in which all that could be done for the patients was to administer morphia steadily so that the path to an inevitable death might be freed from bitterness. But your proposal opens up such hideous possibilities that we can hardly discuss it in all seriousness. Do you not know how certain villainous doctors misused their powers in the days when the inspection of private lunatic asylums was a mere farce? Into the ranks of a great and noble profession stray scoundrels may obtain admission by accident, and they may continue to practise without being detected. Suppose that an inconvenient invalid was to be removed from the path of an expectant heir; would it not be a terrible thing if two or more rascals were able to send him out of the world, and then swear that a forged authority was signed by the murdered man? It will not bear thinking about.